CANADA WEST

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

Vol. III. Contents for April, 1908 No. 6.

COVER DESIGN by M. B. Aleshire

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Photograph by Ernest Thompson Seton. Half-tone plate by Edgar Ransom

Spruce Timber of Great Slave River. Major Jarvis and his Mounted Police force with the men of the Seton Expedition

The White Man's Last Opportunity—See page 525

CANADA-WEST

April, 1908 Vol. III. No. 6

The Mission

WITH this number we have to announce an important change in connection with CANADA-WEST, a change that is at once an expansion and a concentration.

A year and a half ago this magazine was called into existence by the Western Canadian Immigration Association, an organization that for four years has served the Dominion as a public bureau of statistics and information concerning things Canadian. The Association completes its work at the end of March, and its mantle, following strict law of primogeniture, falls upon its eldest born. The magazine, CANADA-WEST, will undertake to carry on the work inaugurated by the Western Canadian Immigration Association. In other words, it will undertake to tell the truth about Canada, the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. To this end it will maintain an editorial office in the United States, to which United States journalists, at all times, may look for authoritative data regarding Canadian matters.

The secretary of the Western Canadian Immigration Association has been the editor of CANADA-WEST since its inception. Hitherto his energies have been divided among the multiform duties connected with the Bureau. From this time forward his time and attention will be concentrated on the magazine. His private capital will be invested in it; his business interests will be identified with it. His ambition will be to make it the best magazine humanly possible. *Canada-West is now a private enterprise devoted to public interests.*

So much for the magazine, and the future. Let us pause here briefly for one glimpse into the past. What was the Western Canadian Immigration Association? Who were its members, what was its work? You have known the name, yes, for a long time, but have you really ever known its purposes, or realized your debt of gratitude to it, you citizens of our broad Western empire?

Four years ago, a little band of clear-visioned men met together and organized themselves into an ignorance-dispelling brotherhood. They were bound together by earnest compact to deliver sledge-hammer blows against a boulder of ignorance which was barring the entrance into Western Canada with its leagues upon leagues of fecund loam, its fields white for the harvest. There is no doubt about the existence of that colossal and blockading stone-wall of ignorance. The big boulder was supported by the lesser rocks of indifference and prejudice. Canadians themselves had helped to pile up before the gate of the temple these barriers to development and progress.

The Eastern press of Canada, both in the magazine and the newspaper fields, was almost equal sinner with the press of the Mother Country and of the United States. Editors who had never seen a prairie wheat-field, told the world of climatic conditions (conditions which existed in their own blind ignorance solely) which would forever make impossible the growing of profitable crops north of the parallel of 52.

English text-books taught English children that "Canadians travel long distances in dog-sleds because the country is too severe for the domestic horse." "The flies are so thick on the prairies that it is customary to do the 'reaping' after nightfall." "Canadian housewives dress in duffle and deer-skins," etcetera, etcetera.

American newspapers stoutly asserted that Canada was too inhospitable to furnish homes for farmers, that the people journeying hither had to pay tribute for the upkeep of the British throne; moreover, the Canadian summer was too short to permit the profitable growing of cereal crops.

Under the name of the Western Canadian Immigration Association our stalwart coterie of intellectual quarrymen set to work to demolish the hindering Pillars of Hercules which press-misrepresentation had placed at the western extremity of the Great Lakes, to wipe out the lying legend, "ne plus ultra." The world began to hear that west-

ward from old Ontario there surely was in the rolling mesas of the prairie-provinces *something more beyond.*

It was an organized effort, this crusade of education; and Western Canada owes much to the devoted men who carried on the work, at the cost of personal self-sacrifice. For example, let us take the case of the indefatigable first Executive Chairman, D. W. Bole, a Canadian merchant, whose time and energy are capital in his own private business. Mr. Bole, from the inception of the Association has spent time and money and thought and energy tirelessly for the good of the cause, the cause of Canada, leaving his own private interests to do this. And Mr. Bole is a type of many who served in official capacities and in the rank and file.

The reading American and the reading Canadian in the Eastern Provinces began to read in newspapers, farming-journals, technical publications, and literary magazines of the highest class, scholarly articles telling in "straight-flung words and few," with a directness that challenged contradiction, the plain truth of conditions and possibilities and chances in this Last West, Western Canada.

Canadian and American journalists were taken into this unknown land, the Land of Promise Fulfilled, and when they went back with opened eyes they began to tell their readers that when "God's country" was made, it was not on the parallel of 49 or at Lake Superior's Thunder Bay, that the Creator rested from his labors. No damning "ne plus ultra" is written on these lines.

With every illuminating editorial was a rock rolled away from the stone-wall of prejudice. And the beauty of this education of editors is that once a man gets the seal taken off his blinded vision he will see and tell the truth on that matter evermore. Every conversion means just another workman with stone-hammar rampant going after that big boulder of ignorance. The writer once started on the good road of truth-telling about Canada never stops. The man who once sees with his own eyes acre after illimitable acre of forty-bushel wheat growing in what his purblind vision had thought and taught to be the "Barren Grounds of Canada" will glimpse forever the poppies and red roses among dead buffalo bones. His lips have been touched with the live coal from the altar.

Canada will never quite realize her debt to the individual workers of the Western Canadian Immigration Association.

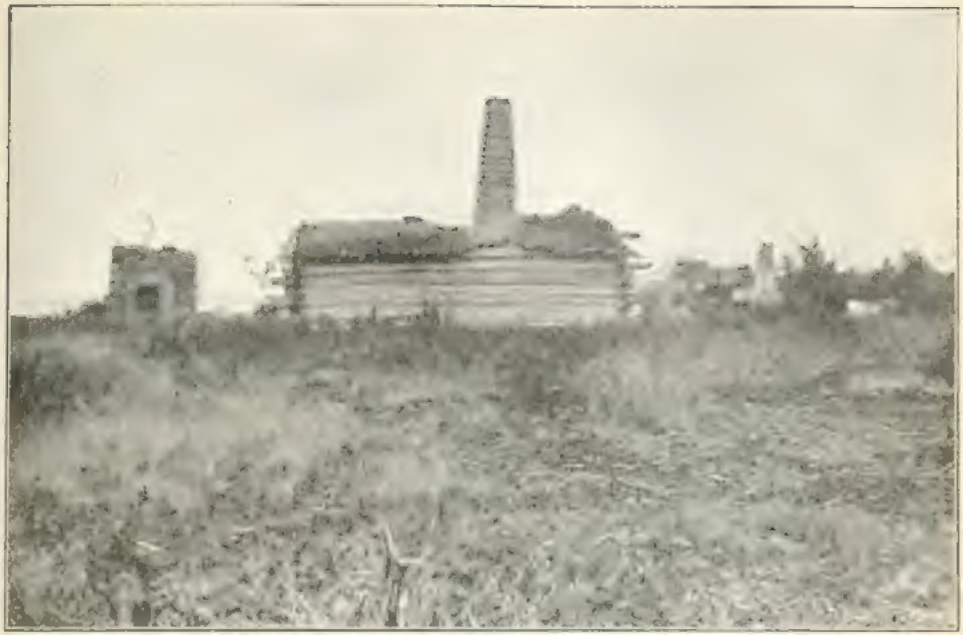
As the years rolled one into the other, the work of the Association widened out into a score of educative channels: the place at the

helm was taken by A. L. Johnson, an unostentatious, tireless worker, who in his turn consistently and persistently hammered away at the big boulder and the little boulders of inside and outside prejudice, indifference, and ignorance concerning things Canadian. Like the others, he took time from his own busy life and gave freely his invaluable services. It is refreshing in this age of greedy self-seeking to find men big-hearted and big-brained enough to leave their own good for a while to catch the wider horizon of the good, the illimitable destiny of Canada. Be assured they will never tell the story of the fight themselves, for, as Kipling says, "You need never expect him to tell the tale; did he not do the deed?"

The Western Canadian Immigration Association dissolves. Henceforth the men of that body must and will carry on the work as individuals. And here lies our mission: *The object of this magazine, the one reason and excuse for its being, must be to tell the world the truth about Canada—the actual existing conditions and the potential possibilities of a future which is bounded only by what men dare first to dream and then to compass.* The editor of CANADA-WEST will keep open house to all men and women who, like Dickens' Rosa Dartle "want to know." You can't bother him too often, or stay too long if you are on information bent.

So now we adjust our sails anew. Wish us God-speed and a favoring breeze.

THE PUBLISHERS.



Photograph by Ernest Thompson Seton. Half-tone plate by Edgar Ransom

OLD PORT RELIANCE, BUILT IN 1834

The White Man's Last Opportunity

By Ernest Thompson Seton

Author of "Wild Animals I Have Known," "Lives of the Hunted," etc.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

"WHO cares for a few acres of snow?" said the flippant French Statesman, when he found that through him Canada was lost to France; and our country has suffered ever since from this libellous jibe.

It was commonly said that no part of Canada was fit for agriculture except the extreme south of the Ontario Peninsula.

It was a surprise when the Ottawa Valley was found suitable for settlement. The Red River Region was looked on as Arctic. It is not thirty years since wheat was considered a doubtful crop in what is now the banner grain field of America. And all of this misconception was the result of a few malicious, but far-reaching jeers

How are we to get at the truth about our New Northwest? How are we to make sure that we are leading none into disaster by unduly lauding a new region, and yet avoid the other extreme of ignoring a veritable Land of Promise.

There are three sure sources of light —the natural growth of the country, the scientific study of its climate and soil, and the results of actual experiment.

The natural growth is nature's experimental farm. My notes made while travelling through the Northern part of the Peace River region show

that even near Great Slave Lake, White Poplar (*Populus tremuloides*), Balsam Poplar (*Populus balsamifera*), White Spruce (*Picea canadensis*), Black Spruce (*P. mariana*), Tamarac (*Larix Americana*), Jackpine (*Pinus banksiana*) and Canoe-birch (*Betula papyrifera*) grow to perfection, are here indeed, great forest trees affording the finest timber and a commercial asset of the highest importance.

Grasses of many kinds are so rich and rank on the prairies of the Buffalo River that one may cut hay anywhere with a horse mower. The characteristic flowers are the same as those of Central Manitoba; the anemone or Spring crocus is particularly abundant.

Early in July of the year 1907, while in the Salt River country, I rode through hundreds of square miles of undulating country which was sparsely covered with poplar from a foot to two feet thick, under which the ground was overgrown with peavine two or three feet high, the soil was clay loam, the land dry and there were brooks every mile or two; in other words, the most beautiful cattle range possible to conceive and evidently suited equally for agriculture.

A scientific study of the climate of internal America has demonstrated the remarkable northwestward trend of the summer isotherms, to which the northwestward trend of vegetation corresponds exactly.

The map shows these better than any description and we should remember that where Balsam poplar grows, we grow potatoes, where White poplar grows we can grow barley, and where Jackpine grows we can grow wheat.

These terminal lines it will be seen are far beyond the northwest part of the Peace River region, how remote then from such limitations is the south part, five hundred miles away.

Summer frost was the curse of the Ontario Peninsula at one time and of the Bruce Peninsula, and of Southern Manitoba, but now in these same regions, excepting in abnormal years, like the year 1907, it is unknown. With the opening of the country the curse was removed. The theoretical

Photograph by Ernest Thompson Seton. Half-tone plate by Edgar Ransom

CHARLTON HARBOR, PIKES PORTAGE AT THE EAST END OF GREAT SLAVE LAKE

ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

reason is that the ground everywhere shaded by vegetation cannot absorb much of the sun's warmth and get thoroughly stored with the heat, but plowing the land gives it direct contact with the sun's rays and enough heat is stored to raise the temperature a few degrees, enough to carry it over the danger point. This is the theory and right or wrong, the fact is that in all wheat countries summer frost has fled before the plow. We are safe to believe, therefore, that agriculture would have the effect of raising the summer temperature of this new Land of Promise.

So far as I can learn, the summer climate in general corresponds closely with that of Manitoba.

The soil is in most parts of the highest class, a rich clay loam, of nearly level or slightly undulating surface. There are a few small areas of sandy country and a considerable amount of muskeg. The latter produces good timber and guarantees a continual supply of water and range for cattle.

The length of the winter is a serious drawback—most serious—but I cannot learn that it differs materially from that of Minnesota, lasting usually from the end of October to the first of April. I make little account of the past extraordinary season—if it damn this country then it also damns New England and the whole northern tier of States as unfit for agriculture. Ordinarily, the rivers here are open and the plow set free by the 20th of April.

In this lower Peace River region horses can and do indeed run out all winter and dig through the snow for their food, but no wise farmer will let them do it. All stock must be winter-fed and housed to get satisfactory results, and in a country of unlimited timber and hay this is not a great difficulty.

There is another drawback, and we ought to point out and honestly face these drawbacks as completely as we do the advantages, for the unscrupulous boomster is almost as mischievous as the unscrupulous libeller.

In summer there are mosquitoes and bulldog flies, but they are no worse here than in Minnesota and those who live in the country have learned to use various expedient of smudge and mosquito bar, and, I find, think but little about these nuisances that force themselves so fully on the notice of the newcomer. At other seasons there are no pests or special diseases, the climate is indeed one of the most salutrious in the world.

But the grand test of the country, the one that is looked to most trustfully by those agriculturally interested is the practical one *What has been done already?*

In travelling through this region I have made it a point to see for myself as well as learn from all reliable sources the results of agricultural experiments.

At Fort Resolution this year I saw potatoes, rhubarb, radishes and other garden truck grown in perfection.

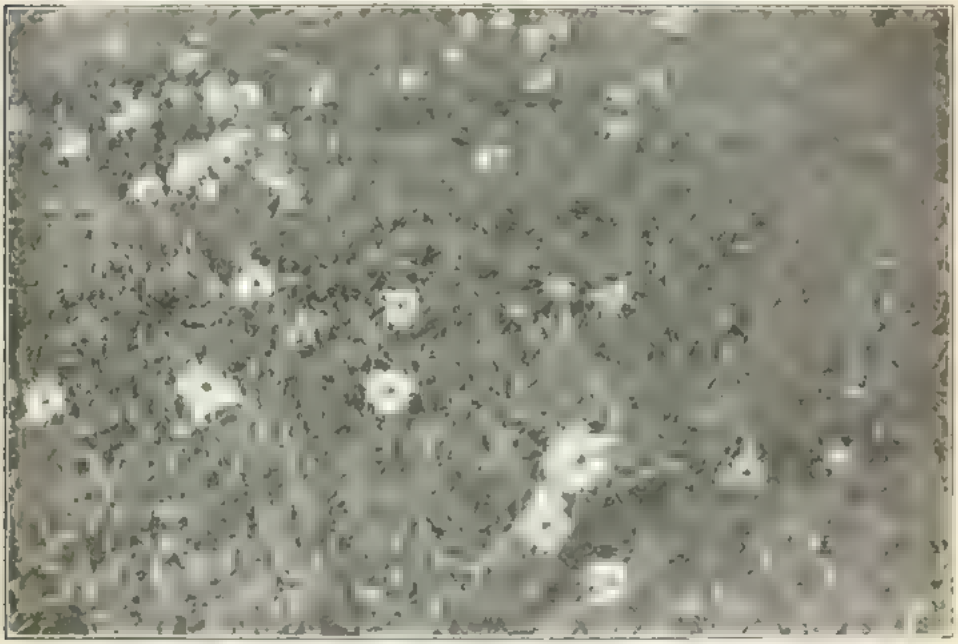
At Providence and Hay River, Bishop Brevnat assured me that wheat is a regular and profitable crop. At the same place Mr. Elihu Stewart on July 15th last, saw ripe wheat, potatoes in flower and peas fit to use, as well as the usual garden truck.

Fort Providence, then, is probably nearly the limit of wheat, but oats, barley and potatoes grow much farther north. Barley was cut at Vermilion on the 25th of July, 1906. Potatoes are a good crop every year as far north as Good Hope which is within the Arctic circle, and everywhere the potato bug is unknown. Mr. E. A. Preble, the well-known naturalist and traveller, has given me much corroborative evidence of these statements. The result of the various testimonies I have tabulated in the most conservative manner and present them in the accompanying map, which, by the way, no one so far has impeached as over favorable. Messrs. Thos. Anderson and C. T. Christy, of the Hudson's Bay Company, think I have been wise and safely conservative. Bishop Brevnat thinks I have been much too cautious and that my wheat line should be pushed up as far as the oat line with a corresponding advance of the others.

I do not doubt that wheat will grow in some localities even beyond the line given, as Bishop Breynat and many others say, but also there are localities within the present wheat line where no wheat will grow. There are indeed places in Manitoba, Ontario, New York State, etc.,—not to say Peace River Valley—where for some local reason, elevation, slope, soil, etc., wheat will not grow, just as there are places in England and Ireland that cannot produce potatoes.

I think that both the Macouns are right in their description of the country.

Doubtless, wheat may be grown beyond the wheat line as I have drawn it, but there the unfavorable conditions become very frequent and indeed the rule. There are obviously no hard and fast lines, but on the whole these shown do give us the broad facts. Each decade, however, is cutting down the time required for the growing of wheat by providing us with hardier kinds and thus they are extending its area. This same is true not only of the other various staples of agriculture but also of live stock. Breeds of cattle improved for our northern ranges have



Photograph by Ernest Thompson Seton. Half-tone plate by Edgar E.

BARREN GROUND FLOWERS, DRYAS

Prof. John Macoun says there is a great agricultural future for the Peace River Valley. Mr. James Macoun says: "True, but let us be frank about it, there are also large areas on the high southern part of the Peace Uplands where the elevation is too great for the successful growing of cereals. The northern part of the region is so low as to offset the high latitude and offers a fine field for

been produced, and a search of other lands has discovered two other creatures, the reindeer and the yak, whose natural habitat is a far colder region than the coldest part of that under discussion, and whose beef and other products have long been the principal wealth of countries where they are indigenous.

This great new Province is abundantly supplied with minerals, water,

Photograph by Ernest Thompson Seton. Half-tone plate by Edgar Ransom

SPRUCE TIMBER ON THE ISLANDS OF LOWER SLAVE RIVER NEAR FORT SMITH

timber, wild fruit, fish, fur and game It is moreover, a white man's climate one of the most salubrious in the world and all that its detractors can say is – it is too far north and it is too cold Which of us they ask, would be willing to settle in a country, a land that has admittedly four months of hard winter?

One may be sure of this; that no settler will readily leave a warm, sunny climate to go to a cold and frosty one. I do not expect that any Ontarian will cheerfully go to dwell in those northern climes If a Floridan goes to live in Ontario he thinks he is in a polar region and suffers. So an Ontarian coming to Manitoba or Alberta thinks he is far enough north, and any farther would be too cold; but after a generation born to the region their lives are adapted and each thinks his own surroundings not only normal but the best. I knew of a number of Ontarians that tried Manitoba for three or four years, then decided that it was too cold and went off to Southern California, *but they all came back*, largely from the influence of the children who thought then, and still think, that the Manitoba climate is just right.

We do not indeed expect Manitobans to find paradise at the limit of trees, but there are in Europe thousands of Fins and Scandinavians, white men, that are familiar with a similar climate They know the best ways of life for it – they have their summer way—and their winter way—they know already how to be happy and prosperous under just such conditions and can teach other settlers the same lesson. They would indeed find in the virgin possibilities of our new Northwest the land of the New Hope they have so long dreamed of. How gladly they would come if only the way were opened

And what does opening the way mean. The way from Europe is open. It is plain sailing to Edmonton What is then needed, I think, is the railway rushed through at once. The way to open the Peace River Valley is to open the way to Peace River, and the steamboats will do the rest; then it remains only for us to notify the men

MAP DRAWN BY BENES THOMPSON SEETON, 1907, SHOWING AREAS OF CROP IN THE INTERIOR OF BETWEEN HUDSON BAY AND THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

we need that we have cleared the way to the land of the New Hope

And what is the ultimate race of the region? to be There is a zoological maxium that suggests the answer—An animal finds its highest development in the coldest part of its range when its food is abundant. How true this is of mankind. The giant races of America were from the Northwest Buffalo Plains and from the Patagonias. The giant race of Africa is the Zulu of the Cape, and the dwarf races the world over are from the tropics where they are overhot or from the poles where they are underfed. The highest product of civilization we believe to have been the white man of northern Europe—a product indeed of the snow. This should help us to forecast the future of the North

Henry Ward Beecher, who visited this country some twenty years ago, said in his subsequent lectures, on the Canadian Northwest —"You note the class of men going in there, that means brains; you see those endless grain-lands, they mean wealth; you mark those long winter evenings, these mean time to think. There is a rare combination—brains, wealth and time to think. I tell you they are great things coming out of the Canadian Northwest. Keep your eye on Winnipeg."

Finally, if those who decry this Land of Promise would go to Europe and see there how much farther north climatically, the arid soil is made to support a large population, they would quickly change their minds and see in their true light the possibilities of these fertile wooded plains. They would be fortified in their new view by that the words used to-day, by those who condemn the Peace River, are the same as remembering those used one hundred years ago to decry the Ontario Peninsula and thirty years ago to condemn those parts of the Northwest that are now producing the finest grain in the world.

The Reclamation of Cass

By Elliott Flower

Author of "The Spoilsman" "Delightful Dodd" etc

ABEL Wardell Cass was his full name, but he answered more readily to "Restful Abe." He was wonderfully restful—to himself There are times when a man who takes it easy is restful to his companions, but the time when there is work to be done about camp is not one of them. It does not add to the contentment of the men who are doing the work to have with them a man who persistently shirks That is what Abe did.

At first itwas possible to extract a little humor from the situation. Abe was so infernally lazy that it was amusing, and his comments, as he stretched himself out in the shadow of a tree, were sufficient to provoke a laugh or a smile. He was very good-natured about it, even making himself the butt of his own jokes and in no way resenting our efforts along the same line. The man who is living by the labor of others can afford to be tolerant in such matters. But, in time, there came to be a certain monotony about supporting Abe, and we began to devise ways and means for ending his careerof idleness and dependence

"He's got to be reclaimed," declared Bobby Worthington "He used to be all right, but he's going into a decline. I think the doctors call it innocuous desuetude Anyhow, he's drifting into a condition of helpless inanition and he's got to be waked up."

"Drifting!" snorted Tom Rigby "He's drifted."

This was just after Abe had given up fishing. He had found hunting too laborious from the beginning, and even the fishing seemed to have been a mere pretext to get away somewhere and dream or read. He seldom brought any fish back.

"What's the use?" he complained "No one will cook them for me."

So he had now given up even the pretense of fishing, being content to lie about the camp with a pipe. When we suggested that, if he would do his share of the work, there would be no trouble about the fish, he looked at us with whimsical annoyance

"But I work in the city," he argued "I came out here to rest

Then he would lie back and tell funny stories and crack jokes and make whimsical comments until we were all in a forgiving mood and ready to let him join us at the repast to the preparation of which he had contributed nothing

Our resentment would return however, when he solaced himself with a pipe while we were clearing away the things and washing the dishes. We tried leaving this work to him once, but it was not done

"What's the use?" he said. "A trace of breakfast on the plates doesn't do the dinner any harm."

Therefore, it really became necessary to take drastic action for his reformation,and we discussed ways and means while he, recumbent, listened.

"No work, no grub!" was the decision we reached.

"Aw, say!" pleaded Abe, "you wouldn't starve a fellow would you?"

"Not a fellow who works," said Tom, "but you won't work. You won't hunt you won't fish, you won't cook, you won't take your turn at washing the dishes, you won't even bring in wood for the fire. For your own good, as they say to the naughty children, we've got to discipline you. Why, you'll die of lassitude, if something isn't done. And you used to be a good sort of a fellow."

Abe rolled over, extracted a notebook from his pocket, tore out a leaf, and began to write.

"What are you doing now?" asked Jim Coakley.

"Writing a complaint to the Humane Society," answered Abe. "They'll get an officer out here when they hear that a man is being deliberately starved to death."

"Too far," said Jim scornfully.

"Oh, no, it isn't," returned Abe. "They'll jump at a sensational case like this."

"What'll you do while you're waiting?" asked Bobby.

"There's grub here that don't have to be cooked," explained Abe. "I paid for my share of it, and I guess I'll worry along."

"No coffee for you," said Tom.

Abe considered this silently for a moment.

"Coffee's stimulating," he remarked at last. "I don't want to be stimulated. It creates an artificial energy and is bad for the system. I'm glad to have it cut out."

This was a lie, and we knew it, but it was disquieting. If coffee were stimulating, it was the very last thing of which we ought to deprive Abe.

"But it isn't," declared Tom. "Abe's disproved that already. The next time a doctor talks about the effect of coffee on the nerves, I'm going to put up Abe to show that it's a soothing syrup."

"An opiate," suggested Bobby.

"No coffee, no fish, no fresh meat, no bread," said Jim decidedly; "nothing but hardtack, dried apples, raw onions and condensed milk."

Abe yawned wearily as if the matter did not particularly interest him.

"Dried apples and water are mighty filling," he commented. "I knew a fellow who was careless about mixing them up inside of him, and the combination swelled him out till he looked like a toy balloon. A man can get more for his labor by eating dried apples, with drink judiciously sandwiched in, than he can any other way. I guess I'll worry through."

It was rather discouraging but we did the best we could. Abe accepted it all with perfect good nature, apparently being too indolent to make even a vigorous protest. However, a dried apple and hardtack diet palled on him in time, and we saw him looking rather longingly at some of the other things. Presently, he developed sufficient energy to help himself to anything that was left over. At least, things that were put aside for the next meal disappeared mysteriously, and we naturally charged it up to Abe. Thereupon we evolved the plan of having nothing left over. Every scrap remaining when we were through was promptly given to the dogs. Abe stood that for a day or so, and then he beat the dogs to the choice pieces. This seemed to him such a good joke that he would occasionally growl and bark just to make it clear to us that he still had us beaten, but there was some consolation in the fact that he had to develop a little brief energy to get ahead of the dogs. He tied himself up to a tent stake once, and asked us to throw him a bone. We told him he had finally struck his level, which we afterwards declared was an insult to the dogs.

Then some prowling animal began to make trouble for us at night. We had to tie up the dogs, for they were not to be trusted within reach of the game we brought in, and this midnight marauder got away with several things. We had three nice companionable dogs that didn't know much of anything about hunting, but it had seemed the proper thing to bring them along. A fellow isn't going to leave his dog at home when he goes for an outing, even if the dog doesn't know any more about sport than his master does. These dogs would wake us up just in time to discover that something had disappeared or had been damaged by vagrant teeth.

We sat up and watched for the intruder one night—all but Abe, who slept soundly and snored. The snore was a very distinct aggravation, [illegible] attention to his blissful comfort and our discomfort. We resented the snore even to the extent of some profanity.

"We owe it to ourselves and to Abe," said Jim, "to bring him back to the path of right living. We must arouse

ABE ROLLED OVER AND WROTE A COMPLAINT TO THE HUMANE SOCIETY

his dormant conscience; we must make him take an active interest in things."

"How?" asked Bobby.

Jim didn't know, neither did Tom, and I could offer no suggestions.

"We must make him keep watch alone tomorrow night, just by way of a beginning," said Bobby, after a thoughtful pause.

"How can we?" demanded Jim.

Bobby was watching a dog that was actively scratching himself, and he seemed absorbed in this evidence of canine industry.

"What makes dogs so lively?" he asked at length, which certainly was no answer to Jim's question.

"Fleas, I guess," said Tom, following Bobby's gaze.

"That's right," returned Bobby; "it's fleas. Now if fleas will make a dog that's used to them step lively what won't they do to a man who isn't used to them?"

We looked at each other, and the light of understanding came into the eyes of all.

"Where'll we get the fleas?" asked Jim.

"We've got the dogs," answered Bobby, sententiously. "They are pretty good dogs at home, but a dog can pick up fleas pretty fast when he's running loose. I notice they've been having their own troubles lately. You leave it to me, and I'll harvest the fleas."

After that we felt better. A few able-bodied fleas next to a man certainly can destroy a large accumulation of lethargy.

We smoked silently and contentedly for a considerable time. Then the spirit—or it may have been a stray ant that he had shaken out of his sleeve—moved Tom to speech.

"Did you ever inadvertently lie down on an ant-hill?" he asked.

We never had

"An army of ants on a personally conducted tour of one's anatomy can be very annoying," he suggested "A fellow is disposed to be hasty, not to say feverish, in his efforts to separate himself from this companionship. I know where I could get about a peck of ants."

"Get them," urged Bobby. "I'll try to round up at least a half a pint of fleas"

"I've still got those two water-dogs I caught," remarked Jim. "They're cold and crawly things"

"They'll help," exclaimed Bobby jubilantly.

Having nothing to contribute to the joyousness of the occasion, it was arranged that I should conduct the preliminary negotiations for we intended to give Abe one more chance I was rather afraid that he might accept it We had all been anxious that he should see the error of his ways before, but now it seemed a shame not to give the fleas a chance; we felt that the interests of science demanded that we should settle the question of the value of a flea as a moral agent, and it all depended upon Abe

He did not fail us, however.

"Why?" he asked plaintively, when I suggested that he should keep watch alone for one night "Why should I do anything so foolish? I have no interest in the things that are stolen. My interest is confined to the hardtack onions and dried apples, and no self-respecting animal is going to steal anything of that sort."

"But we insist," I urged

"That's good," he returned. "I like to hear you insist. It sounds so energetic."

"Let him alone," said Bobby. "He'll keep awake to-night"

"The sublime faith of children is delightful," commented Abe, "but it is often misplaced What is to me that some waif of the woods covets the things that are yours? Why didn't you catch him last night?"

"He didn't show up

"Well, you leave it to me, and there'll be nothing to prevent him from showing up to-night"

"Do your share and you'll get your share," I said. "It's your last chance.

"I never was much on splurging on a last chance," he returned "I really couldn't keep awake."

"Oh, you'll keep awake fast enough," snorted Bobby.

"Watch me," returned Abe with indolent confidence

So we were not to lose our opportunity for experimental work, and we were glad. Bobby departed with a big sack and the dogs; Jim made sure that his water-dogs were available; Tom went after his ants with a paper bag, and I rounded up miscellaneous bugs to help out Incidentally, I stumbled upon Bobby at work. He had added a sheep dog, belonging to a neighboring rancher to his collection, and the sheep dog was a perfect mine of fleas Bobby sprinkled the dog with a flea-discouraging preparation, and then enveloped the particular part of the dog under treatment in the sack, with the result that the sack got the fleas. It was sometimes difficult to keep the fleas from jumping out again, but I helped him and we succeeded in getting a pretty fair collection

"Not a full half-pint," sighed Bobby, as he scratched himself, "but enough to make things interesting"

I noticed that Bobby was beginning to act a good deal like a man who has passed a night on the edge of a mosquito swamp, and, presently, I was having troubles of my own

"Oh, well," said Bobby, "it's all in a day's work, and we'll take a swim as soon as we get back to camp."

The swim did not do much good, however, for we failed to take our clothing into the water with us, and we noticed that Abe watched us with curious interest

"You fellows have been fooling with the dogs," was Abe's comment "That's all right if you like it, but keep away from me."

Tom was picking an occasional ant out of his collar or his sleeve, and Abe also noticed this

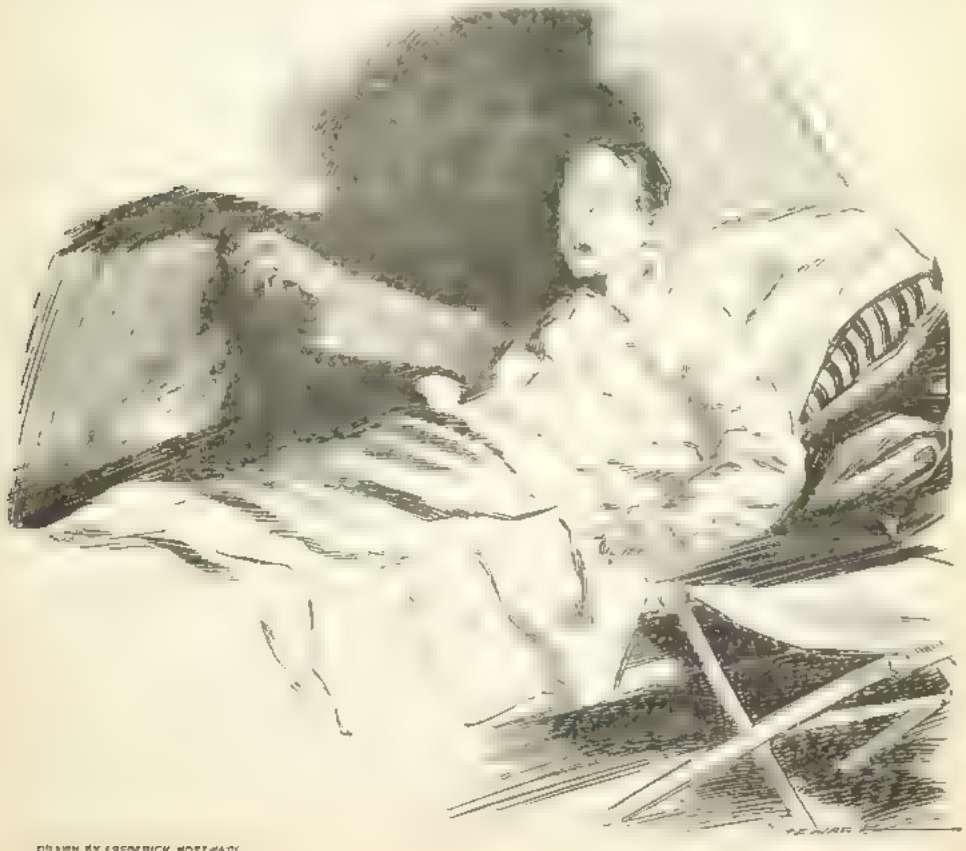
"That's what comes of prowling about in the woods," he said. "Why don't you have the sense to stay in camp and be comfortable?"

But we decided that he had no suspicion of our plot, and we went about the final details with great care

Bobby made a slit in the bottom of Abe's sleeping-bag and then arranged his own so that he would be near this opening. He took charge of the entire collection of stimulators. There were fleas and nits and gnats and ants and the two water-dogs. These last, somewhat resembling a lizard, were harmless, but they certainly were enough to make a man jump seven feet when they came in contact with his skin unexpectedly. Jim had one crawl into bed with him one night, and his yell was heard ten miles

We all turned in early, but Abe w the only one who went to sleep A soon as he began to snore, Bobby cautiously inserted the top of the flea-bag in the opening he had made in the bottom of the sleeping-bag. Then he lay back and gently tapped the bottom of the flea-bag from time to time. As fleas prefer blankets to paper, it seemed as if the treatment ought to be effective, and Bobby soon withdrew the bag and tossed it away. I heard Tom swear softly, which led me to think that the bag had landed on him. Bobby, meanwhile, was giving the ants a chance to follow the fleas, and this bag was finally tossed in the direction of Jim, who thereupon became active. The bag of miscellaneous insects, when supposedly empty, seemed to come naturally in my direction, and I quickly shoved it out of the tent I acted with spasmodic haste too, in spite of Bobby's reproachful complaint that I would awaken Abe.

The water-dogs followed the other



DRAWN BY FREDERICK HOTEWATE

"I'M FULL OF NEEDLES," HE YELLED

contributions and then we settled down to await developments

In a little time Abe gave evidence of troubled dreams. He became restless and muttered a good deal in his sleep. We could hear him twisting and turning, and occasionally there were sounds that would lead a man to think he was sandpapering his legs. Then he woke up. We heard him digging down in an effort to locate the spot that troubled him the most, and there seemed to be too many of them to permit of systematic search. Before he could reach one he would be side-tracked to another

"Wonder where I bumped into any nettles!" he muttered. "Lord! how they do poison me!"

About this time the ants seemed to be getting in their work, for he became real active. An ant steps lightly but a little more heavily than a flea; you know when he is cavorting over your person: it tickles without making you laugh. A few thousand ants running footraces over a man will worry him a whole lot. He doesn't like to feel so much alive.

Abe was now investigating with both hands, and he was doing a great deal of violent talking. I never saw a man more active in so limited a place.

"I'm full of needles!" he yelled

"Aw, you've got the prickly heat," said Bobby, pretending to wake up

Of course that was exasperating Prickly heat and cool night do not go together, and Abe spoke emphatically to that effect. Furthermore, he declared that his blanket was walking all over him; that it had developed tickling legs and he could feel it move. His actions and words were those of a man who was feverishly excited: he came out of his sleeping-bag in a real hurry and immediately began to divest himself of such trifling bits of raiment as he usually wore for slumber purposes. This was annoying, for he scattered many troublesome things about the tent.

"Quit that!" yelled Bobby, but Abe was so carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment that he paid no attention.

We reached for his legs, in an effort to throw him, and failed to connect He dropped to his knees, however, and dug his arms into his sleeping-bag, with the result that he encountered one of the water-dogs and let out a howl that made the tent rise right up. Somehow the water-dog, being impulsively thrown by the tail, hit Jim in the face and Jim helped to increase the excitement. Jim did not consider his face a proper roosting-place for lizards.

We were all reasonably active now You cannot roll out of a sleeping-bag as easily as you can roll out of bed, and we got somewhat tangled up with each other, but we were doing the best we could. The fact that Abe was now shaking his sleeping-bag all over the tent served to hurry us a little. It would have been very amusing if we could have stopped to enjoy it. Abe, naked, was trying to shake the bag and reach seven or eight different spots on his person at the same time; the rest of us were trying to reach Abe. All of us were engaged in making comments that were vigorous and pointed.

Abe eluded us, however. He dropped the bag, danced a few lively but uneven steps of some unknown jig, tried frantically to brush himself off, rushed from the tent, and a splash told us that he had hit the water.

"Who said he was lazy?" asked Bobby, as we stopped to get our breath

We had time to laugh then, but the laugh was cut short. Bobby began reaching feverishly for various parts of his person, and likewise he imitated some of Abe's dance-steps.

"Keep 'em off!" he cried. "I'm being scaled like a fortress wall in a military show."

"To the drink!" shouted Tom "We're with you!"

We went, shedding things as we ran. Bobby hit on top of Abe, but neither of them had time to bother about so trifling a mishap.

A dip in the daytime was a luxury, but there was a chilliness about it at night that detracted from the enjoyment. Nevertheless, it was fifteen or twenty minutes before we returned, shivering, to the tent.

"What next?" asked Jim dolefully,

as he stood on one foot and scratched himself with the other. "Some millions of nits, gnats, fleas and ants have possession of our tent and clothes."

"A fire," said Tom. "We've got to have some place to get warm.

We turned instinctively to Abe.

"Are you in this?" we asked.

"I'm in," he answered.

We must have made an interesting picture, for the sun was high before we felt that we had our clothes in shape to justify us in getting into them, and, still in primal nakedness, we had moved the tent to a new location—a rather disagreeable job under the circumstances. Then I recall Abe, plentifully sprinkled with insect powder, trying to shoo things out of his blankets, while Bobby was working over his with forceps. Occasionally, Bobby would get an ant,but a flea is a difficult thing to pick up with forceps: he is always in some other place. But Abe was reclaimed.

"I'd rather take my exercise regular than get it all in a bunch," he said.

The dogs sat a little back from the fire, and I am sure they regarded us with amusement as well as amazement. No one can convince me that I didn't hear them laugh.

Wet-Weather Talk

By James Whitcomb Riley

IT hain't no use to grumble and complane;
It's jest as cheap and easy to rejoice
When God sorts out the weather and sends rain,
W'y, rain's my choice.

Men ginerly, to all intents—
Although they're apt to grumble some
Puts most their trust in Providence,
And takes things as they come—
That is, the commonality
Of men that's lived as long as me
Has watched the world enugh to learn
They're not the boss of this concern.

The Railway that Didn't

By John V. Borne

SECOND PAPER

If a Western Canada Camp Fire Club were instituted, it could publish an unique literature about the prehistoric days whose history is concealed in Government reports. When you read of the Neutral Hills being the accepted barrier between the Blackfoot and Cree Indians; and, looking over the map, you pick out the locations of Indian encampments, you know that the explorers, going hither and thither across the prairies, spying out land for railway locations and farming possibilities, must have had a mighty interesting time.

The Honorable David Laird, who, in Winnipeg, for the Department of the Interior, administers Indian affairs in the West, was the first Lieutenant-Governor of the Northwest Territories. The site for the capital was decided upon, partly because of its central position; and largely because it was expected to be on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Governor Laird went to his seat of Government in 1876. It was called Battleford; and was, as quickly as possible, put into telegraphic communication with Winnipeg. The Fleming report to the Minister of Public Works did not, of course, deal with the political importance of Battleford; but it contained many references to the Battleford country.

After crossing the South Saskatchewan at almost the exact point where the Canadian Northern now has a fine steel bridge, the Canadian Pacific was to make for the North Branch of the river, and run alongside it for about fifty miles, to the capital, magnificiently situated on the plateau at the confluence of the Battle and North Saskatchewan Rivers, and was then to follow the north bank of the Battle, and head for the southern side of the Beaver Hills, east of Edmonton. This meant that, instead of crossing the North Saskatchewan at Fort Edmonton, the modern city of Edmonton was to be about fifteen miles south of the Fort and the great river would be spanned at Siksika. Consider some selections from the reports of the territory that was to be tapped:

Mr. H. A F MacLeod, who was one of the most experienced of the Government explorers, said—"The central portion of this section is covered by the Eagle Hills, and the northwestern by the Wolf Hills. The former afford good pasturage, and the Wolf Hills, also. At Battleford, and on the north side of the Saskatchewan, the soil is good and fertile, without woods. Water supply good"

Palliser also wrote that this Eagle Hills country had "soil of excellent quality, of rich, black vegetable mould, two and a half feet deep. After an abrupt ascent of 240 feet, a fine level prairie stretches away to the south as as far as the eye can reach. Neutral Hills could be seen twenty miles distant. They are the recognized boundary between the Cree and Blackfoot tribes. At nine miles east of Nose Creek, came on what was once forest land; the soil in many parts, consists of one foot of black vegetable mould, excellent nutritious grasses, and many plants seldom found but in forests."

In the report of the Surveyor-General of Dominion Lands, dated 1878, Mr. J. S. Dennis, wrote: "From the exceeding richness of its grasses and the special fitness of the kinds produced, I am led to believe that it excels as a grazing country, anything I have seen in Manitoba or the Northwest Territories."

I have not been in the Eagle Hills, but I have been through the delightful prairie on the north of the Saskatchewan, between the Elbow and North Battleford. While there just before last harvest with one of the best grain experts in Western Canada, my friend, pointing out a four hundred acre field, said, "There is the finest stand of wheat I have ever seen." Across the river, in the old town, I was besought by such veterans as Major Prince and Mr Clink, to drive to the Eagle Hills to see the magnificent crops there growing And, touching the "fine, level prairie stretching away to the south as far as the eye can reach," I may say something later on.

Of the country north and south of the projected railway, between Battleford and Edmonton, similar testimony was given. Of the neighborhood of Fort Pitt on the river, Mr. Palliser stated, "There is a very fine pasturage, and it is a favorite place for rearing horses. Grain is said not to succeed well, but I expect that they have chosen a bad spot for their field."

This last is shrewd criticism. The first white residents were fur traders. They did not think of the prairie as a granary. All through the West, where grass grows well, grain grows better. Of the land north of Fort Pitt, Sir Sandford Fleming wrote in 1874 "From Fort Pitt, continuing along the North Saskatchewan, the soil improves, and we met white spruce, tamarack and poplars, with thick and luxuriant grasses."

Thirty miles beyond Fort Pitt, the Vermilion River empties into the Saskatchewan, having come through a valley in which lies the modern town of Vermilion; and of which Mr Palliser said, "Our course lay across a wide stretch of prairie, passing many herds of buffalo, thence crossing a range of hills, made a rapid descent of 300 feet to an extensive plain covered with bluffs of poplar, which seemed to stretch for 10 or 12 miles until it was again bounded by the same range of hills. Other extensive plains, some of them swampy, bounded by hills, crossed in this section. The pasture is rich."

Between the Vermilion Valley and Edmonton, Mr. MacLeod reported: "The southern is rich alluvial soil, extending westerly to the Beaver Hills, where the soil is good and fertile There are numerous marshes producing good hay. The surface is undulating, rolling prairie, and hilly to the west, heavily wooded on the Beaver Hills and open to the east. The water supply is good."

About the territory between the Vermilion Valley and Edmonton, and beyond, evidence is quite voluminous.

Mr. Macoun's Pacific Railway Report, 1874: "The climate in the neighborhood of Fort Edmonton and St. Albert Mission is favorable to the growth of all sorts of grain except maize. In both localities, I saw wheat, oats and barley of excellent quality, and much taller than it is seen in Ontario."

Mr. MacLeod: "The southern portion is good fertile soil, with marshes producing good hay. About Forts Edmonton and Saskatchewan there is rich alluvial soil, with marshes producing good hay. About St. Albert, the soil is good and fertile with marshes producing good hay. The surface in the valley of the Saskatchewan is deep and wide, as well as the valley of White Mud. The southern portion is heavily timbered with poplar and spruce, with occasional open prairies. The northern part is partially wooded; there is an abundant supply of good fresh water; coal is found on the banks of the Saskatchewan, and gold is washed on the bars of the river"

Mr. W. F. King, in the report of the Surveyor-General of Dominion Lands, 1878:—"Crossing the White Mud River, a small creek 16 miles from Fort Edmonton, we enter a beautiful fertile tract, a gently rolling country with numerous clumps of poplar and frequent lakes; this extends to the Saskatchewan River at Fort Edmonton. Emerging from the valley of the Rosebud River, the Stony Plain is reached, which is, notwithstanding its misleading name, a very fertile region many miles wide It is bounded on the north by a strip of large spruces. At Fort Saskatchewan the soil is very fertile

and settlers have large fields under cultivation They have a water mill just built (June, 1878), on the Sturgeon River about 8 miles north from the settlement, in the centre of a most fertile unoccupied tract of land. A few miles north of this there is a large extent of large spruce bush in the vicinity of Egg Lake, from which a large amount of building timber is procured."

Sir Sanford Fleming, Pacific Railway Report of 1874—"On leaving Edmonton, we passed through a country interspersed with hillocks. Gradually the country becomes more wooded, and the undulations assume a more marked character. More creeks are crossed, running, in most cases, through narrow valleys. The vegetation was particularly luxuriant, and the grass through which we passed was, in some cases, from five to six feet high."

The description of land that grows abundance of the best quality of wheat, as "of questionable value," by Fleming, and Palliser, and Hind, and MacLeod, and Dawson, and Cunningham, and Russell and King, is only one of the things in which their method differed from that of their successors. The construction of a transcontinental railway was so tremendous a job in those days that, like the hen with one chick, they made the most of it—and they counted their birds before they were hatched. They named every intended station from Selkirk to Battleford.

There never was such an unproductive baptismal service. Battleford was already the capital; Humboldt was a place of call. Both names appear on the modern map in their former places Of the rest, only two are discoverable on the Canadian Northern Line—Denholm and Raith -and both are far from their former locations. Denholm has been moved from a few miles west of Humboldt to fourteen miles east of North Battleford. Raith, which was about fifteen miles east of Battleford, is two hundred miles farther west —the siding beyond Vegreville.

Why Denholm and Raith have survived, I do not know.

Why should Sandford Fleming's men name the stations from Selkirk to some distance west of Battleford, and then be reduced to the catechismic M and N until they approached Edmonton? The report gives no clue. The nomenclature of the West is an appealing field of research, in a class by itself, a sure reward for any patient, imaginative soul who will work in it

Although the romance of thirty years ago is becoming more or less of a shadowy recollection amongst us, we have a more tangible and permanent exhibit of wonderful truth. The eye does not discern a halo of romance around the head of every homesteader, and in his face the promise of never-ending nation-building. It is there, all the same. And so long as the best land in the world produces the best bread in the world and the people, who, out of these elements, are building strong, intelligent, progressive communities; so long will those who prepared the way for them be held in grateful remembrance.

The remarkable thing about these testimonials to the value of the land between the old-time "great Coteau" and the forest which lies beyond the Mississippi of the north is that so many years should have passed before the railway that didn't was succeeded by the railway that did. Population, in the main, follows the line of least resistance, and it has been good for the West that the country selected for the first great transcontinental was reserved as a special inheritance for a second generation of pioneer farmers whose advent at the beginning of this century put the final seal upon the productiveness of an unequalled domain

That in the fullness of time, the route chosen by the first examiners of the plains was traversed by the main thoroughfare of the second great Carrier of the West, is the best kind of encouragement for those who contribute so much to the national development by settling in places where, as yet, the luxurious conveniences of modern life must be set at naught by the unconquerable will of him who shows the way—God bless him

Interrogations of the Innocents

By Agnes Deans Cameron

Author of "Where Grow Milady's Furs," etc

IT is usual for teachers to propound questions, and for children to answer them, and there is no doubt about which is the easier task of the two. To reverse matters, and also if possible to find out what is passing in the thoughts of my children, I yesterday confronted them with this demand, —"Suppose, this morning an all-wise man were to enter our class-room, one who could and would answer any question you chose to put to him, what six things would you ask?"

The children were common, ordinary, every-day boys and girls, between the ages of nine and fourteen -but the questions they put to that imaginary shape from the All-Wise shades, were not commonplace. They surprised me not a little, and have set me thinking Perhaps they will interest others

The first set of questions was from a boy of eleven, a little button nosed, red-headed chap, and were all of a geographical strain:—"Who made the oceans salty? Why is it that the sun only goes half way round the earth? Why is it that we don't slip off the earth? If the earth stopped what would happen to us? How big is a volcano inside? What is the quietest spot in Europe?"

The next six were a girl's, and all of them purely personal in their nature, her motto evidently being, "Know then thyself." "Who is my future husband? When am I going to die? Where is the thief that stole my watch? Please can you tell me how to draw well? What position or situation will I have when I get older? How could I be healthy all my life?"

That nature-study is receiving its due attention is evidenced by the next set.—"Why do fishes die on land? Why is it that crabs can live under water? What kind of things are there at the bottom of the sea? What kind of bird is the snipe? Why are Japs small? Why do fish go to spawn in running water?"

A quiet little girlie of ten who walks gently in-and-out of her class-room every day and looks demure and purely receptive produces from the quiet depths of somewhere these six posers:—"Who was the first school-teacher? Why are not all the people in the world the same color? Why are boys and girls not the same? Why is it that oil will not mix with water? How many feet of snow are there in the Rocky Mountains? Please can you tell me all about history?"

A remarkable series is that of a black eyed little Jewess, a bright wee maid as sharp as a needle:—"How many jewels has Queen Alexandra? Will I be rich or poor? Who were the first people who lived in Jerusalem? How is it that the more people get the more they want? Is it true that there is gold and diamonds on Cocos Island? When the world comes to an end, how can the people be united if parts of their bodies are in different parts of the world?"

A young cynic with but half veiled irony demands (it is a boy this time):—"Who was the man that invented grammar? Who was YOUR school-teacher when YOU was at school? Who first thought it was wise to have schools? What good does history do us? Did you ever count the stars, you think you know everything? What does ignorance personified mean?"

The personality of the All-Wise man deeply interested some, and drew forth inquiries of this nature:—"Where do

you live? What is your full name? Where are you going when you leave here? What school did YOU go to to learn so much?"

There seems to be a little something wrong with this chap's data:—"Don't you wish Adam did not eat the berries?"

Many go back to first principles with mild little queries like these —"Why did Adam die? How old is North America? What was here before the world was made? What language did Adam and Eve speak when they first entered the world? Who married Cain? Where was the Lord before He made the world? Where was God born? Are we descendants of the ape? When we hear about Christ, he lived at the beginning of the first century was that His first time on this earth? If Jesus was born on the 25th of December, why did they not begin to count time then instead of at the first of January? What would there be if there was no universe? When and how was God, the Father, created? What holds this world up? What were Adam and Eve, English, French, or what? Is it true that we were once monkeys? How are we to connect what the Bible says of the beginning of the earth, with what science says? What comes after space?" These are problems which occupy our children's minds when they obediently are doing "Simple Interest" for us, or "Long Division," or pointing out the boundaries of Europe.

But there are worse to follow — "Why is a wise man better than an inventor?" "Where do people go when the Maelstrom takes them down?" "How far does a bird fly without stopping?" "Please can you tell me, if all the people on the earth were dead, what would happen?" "Who made the Sphinx, and when, and how?" 'When will the Lord come again?" 'Why should a girl have more sleep than a boy?" "Is Charley Ross, the boy that was kidnapped long ago, living, and where?" "I would like to know when and how the Russian nation came to be so?" "Why do large fish eat little ones?" "What was the first show in the Coliseum?" "How many births occurred on Wednesday last in Canada?" "Will perpetual motion ever be discovered?" 'In Christ's time were the people who lived to be hundreds of years old, one hundred years a baby, or one hundred years an old man?" "Will the American republic ever become a limited monarchy?" "When will there be no saloons or bar-rooms?" "When will there be no more war?" "What do men see in tobacco?" "How do ear-rings make people's eyes sharper?" "Is it true that when we die, we will come back as a cat or dog, etc ?"

Many were the questions regarding Heaven, and the Heavens —"Is it true that the stars are inhabited, and will the people on the earth ever be able to travel from one star to another?" "Is the sun a ball of fire, or just a reflection?" "How long does it take for Jupiter and Mars to go round the earth?" "What is it like in Heaven?" "Shall we be able to recognize our friends in Heaven, and will they have the same faces as they had on earth?" "Is there a Heaven for every planet, or one between them all?" "Why did the Lord make many planets, instead of one large one?" "How many people are there in Heaven and how many more will go?" "What will the earth be like when all the people have gone to heaven, and will animals still live on the earth?" "Are the people after death, going to be the same as they are now?" "At the end of the world will God let the wicked burn?" ""Will we come alive some day and live in a different world?" "If the planets are inhabited, have they wicked people in them?" "Where do we come from?" "If the earth stopped going round, what would happen?" "When the world comes to an end, will the moon really turn to blood?" "Why is it that people think Mars so near and think nothing about Venus, although it is our next door neighbor as well as Mars?"

The rapid transition of thought strikes one on reading the question slips. For instance, were two things

more widely apart ever before brought into juxtaposition than this:—"If you jumped off the world, and went straight on, where would you go?" "Who killed Julius Caesar?" Or take this pair:—"Why did Joseph not tell his brethern he was their brother the first time they came down to Egypt to buy corn?" "What is the power of one of the suckers of a devil-fish?" Or this—"When will the Doukhobors go home to be sensible and eat proper food?" "Why has the elephant got a trunk?"

The purely ethical questions are, some of them, very good.—"Why are there so many religious sects and denominations as there is only one way, all taken into consideration, to serve God?" "I would like you to tell me why men equally brave are some despised and some honored under the same conditions and by the same country." "Is it right to rescue from drowning a man who is your enemy and a scourge to his neighbors?" 'When people have great troubles in this world, why do they not end these troubles?" "Why do some people fancy themselves above others when they all have to die some day and as we are told when Christ comes again to judge the living and the dead we will all be equal, none above any of the others—and some men are great but the paths of glory lead but to the grave!" "If we live again in this world will we be better, and will we be able to have the accomplishments we have in our present life, to a greater extent?" "Can, or will we be able to send messages to each other through our thoughts? How?" ""People say it is wrong to drink wine. Why then did Jesus turn water into wine?" "When a man murders another man and then a man hangs the murderer, is the hangman not a murderer himself?" "Do you think the world will ever become one nation with the same religion, etc?" "Why should the King and Queen be more powerful and be treated better than any other person?" "Why should a man be hung if he shot another man, and in war if they shoot a man, they would be praised and thought much of?" "Is it wrong to tell stories in defence of others?" "Is it wrong to suspect? If so, how are we to know what to guard against?" "Will people who have had no chance of hearing about God, be admitted to Heaven?" "What is the noblest life?" These, surely, all of them, are thoughtful questions—these young people are doing their own thinking

With a few of what even to Swiveller would be "staggerers" we close the list Here they are:—"Do you know how people hypnotize each other?" "Was Shakespeare the same as other men in his age as regards to morals?" "Who wrote the first poem?" "Who is the prettiest person in the world?" "Will you please tell me all about the people in this world?" "Where did Mozart, Schubert and the other old musicians learn so much in the first place?" "Why do people get sick?" "Will women ever be considered as equal to men in politics and in business?" 'What makes some people so clever and others so stupid?" "Why did Noah take some animals into the ark and leave others to get drowned?" "Will there ever again be as clever a writer as Shakespeare?" "Why do men smoke tobacco?" "Was Hamlet after his father's death sane or insane?" "Why do people think differently and after about an hour's argument think the same as they did before?" "How is it that animals don't become civilized?" "Will there come a time when the castes in India join?" "Why is there such a thing as POLITICS?" "What are people's brains like?" "What kind of a bird was it that first lit in Canada?" "How many hairs are there in a man's head?" "Why can't the owl see in the daytime?" 'Why don't people look the same?"

It is a boy who writes:—"I would like to know how you could tell mother pigeons from father pigeons" and "Who invented the first joke?" while the youngest girl in the whole class wrote in a wee little hand in the middle of a sheet of foolscap, "Please would you tell me what my mother thinks every day in her mind?"

With the Locating Engineer

By Cy Warman

Author of "The Story of the Railroad" "Frontier Stories" etc.

Of course we come to the last wilderness in the Last West, and they will pass together. One would expect the great battle, which is to end with the conquest of this wilderness of which I write, to begin with a blare of trumpets, the tramp of feet, and the mingled confusion of moving hosts, but it does not

The last freight began a little more than three years ago with a single, silent white man, accompanied by a lone Indian who was as good as a mute This man was engineer R. W. Jones, and the Indian, or half-breed, rather, who was some Scotch, a little French with a dash of Irish, a trace of Iroquois, a whole lot of Cree, and the rest Silence, was Johnnie Finley. Ever since path finders began to prowl in the Northwest, Johnnie Finley had been the favorite guide, interpreter, cook and companion. Callaghan had him before he went to Jones, and he gave Jones this pointer: "Do something early in the game to win Johnnie's confidence Fall in the river, ride a wild carribou, or go out and sleep alone in the cinnamon bear belt, and convince him that you are not afraid, and he will have the greatest respect for you. Show the white feather once and Johnnie will desert."

Jones took this advise and slept out. Also he had other opportunities sometimes thrust upon him, to display his courage. Upon one occasion a big bear slightly wounded, doubled up, and possomed. Years in the wild had taught Jones that this was not the end of the bear. The cinnamon dies fighting but he likes to fool you. Jones is fond of photographing things, and he said to Johnnie, with his right hand on a rock, "Climb around over the shoulder of this little mound and smash the bear in the face with a flat stone." Then he said to Johnnie, (with his Kodak he spoke now) "When the bear comes at me with his mouth open—so—I will make one fine photograph of the big bear about to eat an engineer."

Johnnie moved rather quickly and smashed the bear a few seconds earlier than Jones expected, so that when Jones reached the summit of the little hill the bear was coming up the other side, having scented the enemy. As Jones rose up with his photo machine, the bear stood up to embrace him with only about four feet of mountain air between them. He was gurgling, blood was spurting from his mouth He was just fit for the wildest kind of photograph. By this time Johnnie had his rifle ready, but Jones didn't wait. He turned and made room for the bear. In about twenty seconds he had gone down the slope, up which he had crawled, and was ascending the next hill. As he cleared the big boulders and fallen timber he could hear Johnnie's rifle barking on the bear's trail, and always, between barks, he could hear the bear crashing through the trees. When the firing ceased he looked back. The bear was dead Johnnie was reloading his gun, but when Jones approached he gave him a glance which seemed to say "It's all right. He might have hurt you."

I presume, men who do not know the wilderness and the ways of its inhabitants, but think they do, would be inclined to doubt my next bear story. A single shot from a twenty-two calibre rifle in the hands of this same Bob Jones killed an immense cinnamon

bear. Only the night before meeting this beast Jones had been examining the skull of one of the cinnamon family, and he figured that a shot ever so small in a bear's eye, when the bear was looking at the shooter, with his head raised and muzzle pointing, would penetrate the brain. Now the moment the cinnamon blocked his trail he was overcome by a desire to try the experiment. The bear stood perfectly still and Jones took the risk. At the crack of the gun this animal, who is capable of carrying a winchester magazine full of lead, dropped dead.

I have set down here only one of the many interesting and thrilling experiences of these worldless wanderers.

The outfit of this expedition, behind which stood the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company, with scores of millions of dollars, and the Dominion Government with its political reputation at stake, consisted of two saddle horses, two pack horses, a twenty-two, a forty-four, and a common kodak. To be sure they had things to eat—sometimes—and tobacco. At the end of a long, hard day the white man would slow down, perhaps beside a singing stream. If there was abundance of wood and water the Indian would stop too, but if he questioned the wisdom of the white man he would lead on for a little while, then stop and make camp. That was the way they argued with each other. Without exchanging a word they would begin gathering boughs for a bed, over which they would stretch a seven by nine piece of canvas, and then, while the white man fooled with his figures, the red man would make tea and fry bacon. They would eat together, smoke and lie down and sleep, and strange as it may seem, men who have employed Johnnie Finley declare that days would pass without the exchange of one word. Some men, a few men, could stand that sort of thing for a little while. Jones, who has been called "Smith, the Silent", simply because his name is Jones, and because he is silent, stood it three years.

Very early in the exploration of that unmapped region that begins at the Western edge of the Canadian wheat belt, and stretches away to the Pacific on the West, the boundary on the South and the barrens on the North, Jones and the men who directed his movements became convinced that their trail lay through the Yellow Head Pass to the Pacific. However, the men who are to be responsible for the finished line began with the determination to find the best route available, regardless of time and expense, and so they searched the frowning face of the Rockies for three years. Every river of any importance, every pass that could be discovered along two hundred miles of the range, was explored, and then they came back to the Yellowhead, through which the trail has now been blazed. Engineers are not sent out to discover grand, wild scenery, but if it lie upon the way it becomes an asset when the road is finished Within the next few years this new national highway will take the traveller through scenes that were unknown to the white man three years ago. It will wind below frowning cliffs, through dark, cool canyons, by the banks of mighty rivers, and pass at the foot of the highest mountain in the Canadian Rockies. Yet wild and grand as these scenes are, the line will cross the range at an altitude of only 3,712 feet. The trains of the Grand Trunk Pacific will reach the crest of the continent going West from Edmonton upon exactly the same grade that lifts them from Winnipeg to Edmonton—four- tenths of one per cent. I set this down to show why "Smith, the Silent," and his mute companion spent three years in this last fastness, why they lay down and got up a thousand times, why "Smith" has been promoted, why Johnnie Finley is resting at Edmonton smoking H. B. cigars and suffering other Indians and half Indians to behold him—friend and companion of the man who located the last and the wildest one thousand miles of the transcontinental.

Doubtless if one were to ask the promoters of this Ocean to Ocean railway to name the richest find on the route they would answer: "A four-tenths

grade from the Atlantic to the Pacific." This is made possible by the discovery of a pass to the Western watershed at an altitude of 3,712 feet. The Union Pacific climbs to an altitude of 8,247 while the Gould line, now building West from Salt Lake, crosses the range ten thousand feet above the sea.

East bound, in the direction of the heavy load, this new Canadian Railway will have to lift its freight, the quick and the dead, but twenty-one feet per mile On United States transcontinental lines the lift in the same direction is from 106 to 237 feet.

Another comparison, and we shall have done with figures. The total ascent in feet overcome by the Grand Trunk Pacific is 6,990 This is in striking contrast to the lowest in the United States—the Great Northern—which is 15,987, and the Santa Fe which overcomes a total of 34 003 feet

This easy grade, then, may be counted the great find. Of course we cannot count the Northern wheat belt, for that had been discovered, and was really the magnet that drew the Grand Trunk, Westward. It was in response to the call of the fields that the old Grand Trunk system,co-operating with the Canadian Government, undertook to penetrate the little known forests of Northern Ontario and the unknown wilds of Northern British Columbia, and so the conquest of the last great wilderness on the American continent

Having past the romantic land of Evangeline, and threaded its way through the forests of Quebec and Northern Ontario, the Grand Trunk Pacific enters the great wheat belt, say, one hundred miles East of Winnipeg From the point where they break through the forest and enter Manitoba, "God's Country," as the Indian called the Canadian West when, coming out of the forest that shades the Northern shores of the Great Lakes, the line lies through a thousand miles of almost unbroken wheat fields. Through the wheat lands the main line is almost an air line from Winnipeg to Edmonton, with Saskatoon on the South, Saskatchewan, half way. From the main line on the prairie section there will be a short branch to Brandon, a longer one to Regina, capital of the new Province of Saskatchewan, and a still longer branch to Calgary, the chief city of Southern Alberta. There will also be other branches to the North, into the rich fields of the new Provinces, and the forests beyond.

The development in the Canadian West has been so great within the past few years that the existing railway have been taxed to their utmost to keep pace. Numerous branch lines have been built and main lines double tracked to carry the crop

Measuring the future by the past, the Grand Trunk Pacific has planned to erect at Fort William, at the head of the Lakes, extensive terminals and four huge elevators, each with a capacity double that of the company's big elevator at Montreal There will be extensive switching and sorting yards, and then they will scoop out acres of the shore and make a great bay where boats can go about loading and leaving the elevators, which will be able ultimately to hold forty million bushels of wheat. By this rail and water route in summer, until the Eastern section of the railway is completed, the wheat will reach the outside

And when the line is open from Ocean to Ocean, if the output increases as it has increased in the past decade the overflow from the all-rail route will more than fill these mammoth elevators

Beyond Edmonton, the back door of the Granary and the gateway to the Wild, the new line plows through a vast coal deposit, crosses Grand Prairie and plunges into the unknown of yesterday.

Farther West good timber is found and more coal, and over behind the Rockies are deep, fertile valleys which will become valuable ranch lands. The climate grows milder as we go West The mean temperature of Prince Rupert is about the same as that of Detroit—the summers cooler, but the winters warmer.

On this mountain section, lumbermen, prospectors and speculators are following in the wake of the engineers

and staking their claims. This section will probably build up from the Pacific as it builts West from Edmonton, and by the time the rails meet there will be thousands of settlers along the line, each doing his best to wipe out the wilderness.

The history of all pioneer roads on this continent, especially of trans-continental lines, teaches us to look to local traffic for about ninety per cent of the revenue of the road. And yet the Grand Trunk Pacific is important as a part of a round-the-world route. It crosses this continent so far to the North of any existing line that the run around the world is lessened by half a thousand miles or more

And when the ships that take passengers from the Grand Trunk Pacific trains, out of the land-locked harbor of Prince Rupert, for the Orient, they will be almost immediately in the open sea and a full day's sail nearer Yokahama than the ships that leave any other Pacific port at the same time.

Upon the sheltered shore of the Northern Pacific, washed by the warm Japan current which creates the Chinook winds—the real breath of life in British Columbia—the Grand Trunk Pacific company is building a model city. The company is as absolutely in control of the situation here as is Uncle Sam on the Panama. which assures order, symmetry and a perfectly planned city.

Although the completion of this line will mark the beginning of the end of the last Western Wilderness, for years to come the hunter of big game will find plenty of sport and adventure along the line of the Grand Trunk Pacific

April in Edmonton

By Jeannette Cooper

SOME power has touched the somber sullen earth
And made it bud in tender tints of green,
The wind that roared in rage or boisterous mirth,
Now whisper softly of sweet things unseen

The sky, new-washed, is pure and palely blue
The half bare branches of the trees are wet.
The sheltered places all am with tender hue
Where wondrous starry blossoms have been set

A hint of bird-song trembles in the air,
The chains are lifted from the little rills.
Some power has made the old earth new and fair,
And Hope stands smiling on the western hills

The Poor Rich Farmer

By Nellie McClung

Author of "Sowing Seeds in Danny."

WHEN the valley is brimming with sunshine
And the Souris, limpid and clear,
Slips over its shining pebbles
And the harvest time draws near
The heart of the honest plowman
Is filled with content and cheer.

It is only the poor rich farmer
Whose heart is heavy with dread
When over the smiling valley
The mantle of harvest is spread
For the season, he says, is backward,
And the grain is only in head.

The hired man loves the twilight
When the purple hills grow dim
And he smiles at the chattering blackbirds
That round him circle and skim,
The road is embroidered with sunflowers
That lazily nod at him!

But the rich man scans the twilight
With gloom and fear opprest
For he knows the chattering blackbird
As an evil-minded pest
And the golden, brown-eyed sunflower
Is only a weed, at best!

When the purple rain-clouds gather
And the mist comes over the hills
A peace beyond all telling
The hired man's bosom fills
And the long, long sleep in the morning
His heart with rapture thrills!

But the richman's heart is heavy
With gloom and fear of loss
When the purple clouds drop moisture
On field and flower and moss
It is all very well for the plowman
But not so well for the "Boss."

When the moonlight lies on the valley
And into the hayloft streams,
Where the honest plowman sleepeth
And dreameth his peaceful dreams,
It silvers his slumbering fancies
With the witchery of its beams!

But the poor rich man is restless
For his heart is on his sheaves
And the moonlight, clear and cloudless,
For him no fancy weaves
For the glass is falling, falling
And the grain will surely freeze.

So the poor rich farmer misses
What makes this old world sweet
And the weather grieves the heart of him
With too much rain or heat
For there's nothing gold, that can't be sold
And there's nothing good, but wheat.

The Homesteaders

By Jessie Beckton

SYNOPSIS OF "THE HOMESTEADERS"

Joan Tremayne, a young E[illegible] the failure and death of their father, in very [illegible] to Western Canada and take up a homestead. [illegible] their recently acquired property [illegible] in which [illegible]

Chapter V (Continued)

HAVE you ever watched a laborer walking calmly behind his plough, the well-trained horses patiently plodding up one furrow and down another, the red brown earth falling smoothly over to one side? It looks so easy, as if anyone might do it. But try it, you will find it a very different matter, and when you have to work with a stubborn yoke of oxen, over a piece of virgin soil, with no knowledge or experience to guide you, it appears a wellnigh superhuman task, to be given up in despair. It was a momentous day on which we all sallied forth to take a part in the breaking of the first earth on our own land, and I remained a fascinated spectator, watching with much sympathy and not a little amusement, the stolid blundering oxen, and the strain of the men to keep the plough in a straight line and their despairing rage as the crooked zigzag came to an end, with an extra twist as the ponderous beasts broke off in a hurry quite unlooked for.

But after the first day I fled, as Peter apologetically explained it was quite impossible to learn ploughing with oxen and to keep a guard over tongue and temper at the same time. I had my own lessons to learn too. The cooking improved gradually with the aid of a large cookery book and the experience gained from many woeful failures. The housework was simple, if tiring, but the washing was an insurmountable difficulty. The clothes would not come white. After hours of steam and soapsuds, backache and labour, they assumed a pitiful grey tint that tinged my dreams at night and gave me so unhappy an appearance by day, that after the second week, Mr. Ireton carried the whole wash bodily off to a neighboring farm, and made an arrangement with the farmer's wife to relieve me of the burden.

June merged into July, the haying season began and the men were busy from daylight till dark, cutting, raking, and carrying the sweet upland hay and the coarser ranker growth of the old dried out sleughs. Hay cut in the morning was often raked in the afternoon and carried at night in that hot, dry atmosphere. There was small anxiety as to rain or stormy weather, it being one of the stable seasons of the year, each day following the other in like succession. In June we had heavy rain, often accompanied by thunder. In the space of a few minutes the water lay level in the ploughed furrows, ponds formed where there had been dry land, the very heavens seemed to open and empty themselves upon us. Then as suddenly as they came, they went, leaving us to a sunshiny calm once more. With the passing of June they forsook us almost entirely, and we settled down to a bright dry heat, so intense that but for the breeze it would have been almost unbearable by day; the nights

were always fresh, cool and lovely. Now that the men were so busy, I was left very much to myself. Sometimes when their work took them further from home than usual, they carried their dinners and great cans of oatmeal and water with them, and I saw nothing of them till the evening, whilst Laddie (Mac's Collie) and I kept house together.

But I began to make acquaintance with the Settlement. My first visitor was an Indian, or rather three, for it was a family party that walked one morning into the little kitchen and seated themselves without ceremony or greeting upon the two nearest chairs. My first thought was one of relief that the haymakers were working near home that day. It is difficult to respond amicably to a grunt. I could only gaze doubtfully at my unwelcome visitors, keeping the table well between myself and them. Silently we regarded each other; at least I had the intuitive feeling of being watched for I cannot say there was much staring on their part. Certainly not on that of the Nichie, though his squaw displayed a degree more curiosity. Strapped to [illegible] presently slid round to her lap [illegible] the top of the mummified parcel, exposing to view with a sidelong look and suppressed grin of pride the quaintest specimen of babyhood I had ever looked upon. Only its little yellow face and beady black eyes were visible, all the rest being still tightly swathed in the oblong bundle in which it evidently spent the greater part of its existence. It was the baby that saved me from a senseless terror of tomahawks and scalps, and forgetting my alarm I was soon admiring the little creature and smiling back at its funny stumpy, copper and black mother, with all the enthusiasm born of babyhood in most women. I had got as far as pinching its soft yellow chin, and coaxing a smile from its ridiculous little [illegible] I saw Mac looking down upon us rather astonished and not a little amused.

"Who on earth have you got here?" he asked, and then catching sight of the Indian who still sat mute and unmovable as a rock "Hullo, Nepaparas, what brings you here? What do you want

"Boccaty" announced the man, in a soft, slow, gutteral voice, a suspicion of a grin flitting for a second across his tense lips.

"Oh, that's it is it, I never knew any of you that were not Boccaty. He says they are hungry," Mac said, turning to me "Can you spare this bacon grease?" pointing to a tin of it standing on the table. "They regard it as a dainty," he went on, spreading great slices of bread with the fat and handing it to the appreciative guests. "And I suppose they must have some tea. Poor dirty devils. Not much like Fenimore Cooper heroes are they?"

"No, indeed," I said, gazing with slight admiration on these pitiful relics of a once great race. In these dirty, shuffling, furtive-eyed creatures what trace was there left of the free inborn grace, the noble features, and eagle eye of the traditional Red Indian.

"The agents tell us we should not feed them in this way," Mac said as we stood watching the silent meal, and the graceful way they used their still beautifully shaped hands. "They say it encourages them in laziness and in their vagrant way of living, but I cannot see what harm it does them, and one can't help feeling sorry for them and remembering that but for the white man and his vaunted civilization the poor things would not be as they are now, but, if tradition speaks truth, a nobler race in one sense than we who have conquered them."

The meal over, and the baby again strapped into position, our visitors departed, without a word of farewell, silently as they had come.

"I came in to ask," said Mac when they had gone, "if you would put us up some lunch, we are going farther down on the plain, where there is more hay than around here, and it will be too far to come home for dinner. Anything will do; we can make up at supper. I am afraid," he went on, as he

helped me cut and pack up, the sandwiches of bread and cheese, "that you must feel very lonely when we have to leave you like this."

"I do not mind it a bit when I have Laddie," I said, putting my hand on his soft black and white head, "and I am not likely to have any more Indian visitors to-day, am I?"

"No, I think not," he said smiling, "but I wish you knew some of the women of the settlement. They do not know yet of your being here or they would come up at once. I shall be going down to the Settlement soon, and will tell one or two of them; then you will have plenty of friends."

But I was to have a second visitor that morning. About half an hour after I had watched them winding in and out of the bluffs on their way to the plain, and before I had time to do more than bring out my big cookery book and open it with a view to discovering some new dishes to be made from our limited materials, she came. The door usually stood wide open, and was entered immediately from the outside, where the short sunburnt grass grew up to the sill, and from which often no living creature was visible save ourselves, the animals and a gopher or two.

"How do you do, ma'am," she said in greeting, as following shortly on her knock she stepped without further ceremony inside. "I'm pleased to make your acquaintance. I've been wanting these past two weeks to step up and see you, but I didn't never get time, my Almira Emily he's been sick for a spell, and I couldn't leave home."

"My!" she went on, without even a comma stop, "you have been fixing things up, I always do say there's nothing like a woman about the place. I've told Mac so, time and again, a bachelor ain't no hand at making myself comfortable, nor for keeping hisself clean for that matter."

Here with a little persuasion she sank into a chair, fanning her hot face with her handkerchief, her sharp eyes still taking stock of me and my "fixings."

"I live over yonder," she continued, after a momentary pause, indicating nowhere with a backward jerk of her head, "our farm is a mile down from this so we're near neighbours. I've brought you a few fresh eggs and a pound or two of good fresh butter and some cream," pointing to a neat bas-

ing Mac didn't keep no fowls or a cow, I guessed you'd be glad of some, for I never can get on without such like myself. And how do you think you shall like it here?" she went on when I had cordially thanked her for her kindly thought and welcome present; "Don't you find it pretty lonesome with no women folk round?"

"No," I said, "I have my brothers, and I think I shall like the life very much. Of course, it is all very new and strange, but I am too busy to be lonely. I only wish I knew how to do things better. My cooking," laughing a little, "is my chief trouble."

"What are you making now?" she asked, surveying with interest my preparations, and proceeded to give me many valuable hints on prairie cookery. "And who makes the bread?" she questioned.

"Mr Ireton, at present," I said, "but I want to learn myself for I have plenty of time and he has so little for that sort of work."

"Well," she said cheerfully, "you come round to me some morning and I'll learn you how. Can you make layer cakes? They're useful things if you want one in a hurry. I'll make you one now if you like," and the good tempered soul taking from the basket some of her fresh eggs proceeded without further ado to break, whisk and mix them into a spongy cream which she deposited in two shallow tins I had unearthed from Mac's neglected supply of cooking utensils and placed in the oven.

"There," she said, "they won't take but a few minutes to bake and when they come out all you do is spread some jelly between the two and they're done. But you can't get on without eggs. I'll tell you what I'll do. I've got a hen on cluck now that I don't hev no use for, and I'll send my

Thomas Henry round with her, and a setting of eggs this evening, and start you up with a few chicks."

"You are too good," I expostulated, not knowing how to take her generous, kindly offer, but she broke in briskly,

"Oh, that's al'right, we always help each other on the prairie when we can, it's all we can do, and a pleasure besides." The cakes being taken from the oven, the two halves cemented together with jelly, and laid aside as a surprise for supper, my new friend began to take her departure.

"Now, you'll come and see me soon won't you," she said, "I'll learn you how to bake bread, and show you about things a bit It is real nice to have a woman so near and my Almira Emily is that anxious to make your acquaintance."

As I watched her stout, dumpy figure trudging away sturdily, her skirt dipping at the back, and well up over her boot tops in front, her honest, weather beaten face from which the hair had been scrupulously drawn with more regard to order than beauty surmounted by a straw hat that had evidently seen the wear and tear of many a summer, my heart went out to her kindly, generous nature and I echoed her satisfaction in having "a woman neighbor so near."

I smiled a little to myself as I pictured the generality of my lady visitors in the old days and wondered what they would say to the costume and speech of my new friend,but I doubt if any of them had a truer or warmer heart than hers

Chapter VI.

In spite of the beckoning spire of the little church in the distance, we had up to now paid no heed to its silent invitation, but on this Saturday evening, as we, knowing there was no need of an early rising on the morrow, sat talking a little later than usual, Mac turned to me saying, "Would you like to go down to the Church to-morrow? I could drive you in the wagon, in fact, we could all go together. It is a nice little service and you would meet some of the people."

I said I should like it very much and next morning we all four, arrayed in Sunday attire, set out in the wagon, with its high spring seats, for the little church in the middle of the big plain. Leaving the bluffs we followed the broad trail over the brown grass passing a homestead now and again until we reached the village Here the sudden cessation of the single bell which had been announcing with its single might that the service time was near, warned us that we were late.

Unhitching the team and tying it to the wagon as several others of the congregation had done we hastened to enter the little building Small as it was there were seats and to spare. The congregation kneeling with bowed heads paid no heed to the late comers and we passed quietly to a vacant place beside the door. It was my first service in this, my new world, and as I knelt behind those who had preceded me and joined my thanksgiving to theirs I realized how deep should be our gratitude for all the mercies that had been vouchsafed to us. Only a few short months ago, and how different had been our lives The first shock, the death of our dear father, the bitter feeling of lost friends homelessness and financial ruin. The apparent hopelessness of our position, the sudden resolution to come out West the preparations, journey, and the meeting with Mac. Kneeling there the memory of it all came floating back We had suffered much but we had much to be very thankful for I am afraid my mind wandered again during the short sermon It was very warm and the eloquence of the preacher was not great but it was not that which tempted my straying thoughts. It was the backs of my fellow worshippers that drew them. Here were the men and women with whom I had cast my lot I could not but picture to myself who and what they were what had brought them to this off shoot of civilization What influence would they have on my life and I on theirs Would they be friends or otherwise? For that we could ignore each other was an impossibility. Humanity must gravitate towards its kind, and here in this vast

wilderness we few atoms of intelligent life who had found our way to it must of necessity come more or less together.

The sermon came to an end, we dropped our cents into the little conventional embroidered bag, the blessing followed amidst a strange hush and calm, and we rose to go. Once outside the quietude broke quickly into animated greeting, soft laughter mingled with the deeper tones of men's voices and the barking of many dogs who had awaited the re-appearance of their masters and now as is their canine way welcomed them with extravagant joy after the hour's absence. Intuitively I felt that we, the new comers were objects of quite a little thrill of interest. But before there was time for any feeling of awkwardness a tall, matronly woman with a pleasant English face, who had been standing talking to Mr Ireton, came towards me with outstretched hands, and the kindest and warmest of greetings.

'How do you do, Miss Tremayne,' she said in a sweet full voice. 'We are so pleased to see you amongst us and to welcome you to the Settlement. I have been scolding Mac for not telling us before of your coming. He says he has been too busy to pay visits lately but I think he must have been trying to keep you all to himself. Now that we have found you, we shall not give him any further chance, and I shall begin by carrying you all home to luncheon, and keeping you until evening when driving will be cooler and pleas-

As she turned to speak to Dick and Peter, others came up to add their greetings to hers and soon we were all chatting together in a friendly, amicable way. There were three or four girls of my own age a few middle aged, but more young matrons, and about twice as many men. The pretty summer gowns of the women gave quite a smart, even fashionable, air to the group. Even the men, emancipated from conventionality during six days of the week, returned to tweeds, white (or to borrow the expression of the West, 'boiled') shirts and collars on the Sabbath. They went off present[illegible] little congregation had scattered in various directions to their homesteads. The Carlyon's farm lay about a mile and a half to the south of the v[illegible] and took but a short time to

The house had a broad verandah, on which wild hops had been trained. On the inside of the dwelling a sense of refined comfort prevailed. Given some few advantages most gentlewomen are capable of creating this even in the wildest and most remote spot.

"Of course," Mrs. Carlyon said to me when, after a substantial luncheon or early dinner, we sat in the pretty, cool drawing room and talked of many things. "Of course, we brought out most of the things with us. When we realized that on our small income it was impossible to live decently in England, to give the girls proper advantages and start the boys well in life, we determined to colonize. We chose Canada as being the nearest colony and this particular Settlement as one principally composed of English people, and because our friends the Gordons were already settled here. Of course the Major knew nothing of farming, but we had sufficient to live very comfortably on out here, and the boys must make the farm pay for themselves. We have never regretted coming, we are very happy, have no pressing anxieties and are seldom ill. Sometimes we older ones look back a little longingly to the old country and old friends, but the young people have no desire for any other life. They get plenty of amusement and the work is good for them."

"Yes," I said, "I really believe work is good for one. I have been far happier since I came here and had plenty of it to do."

'But," she said, smiling a little seriously, "you must not have too much of it or you will grow tired mentally and physically. In the scattered districts, where the women have no relaxation and see no one but their families for months at a time, they grow morose. And several instances are known of men, living entirely

Painting by E. De Schweinitz. Portraits photo by Edgar Ricoux.

GATHERING MY SKIRTS IN ONE HAND AND SEIZING THE FOOTING GUN IN THE OTHER I FLEW OUT OF THE DOOR.

alone, having been brought in to the towns by the police, temporarily insane. People should always try to settle within a reasonable distance of each other and keep up as far as possible the social life. It is the isolation of humanity that is so unbearable, it is like living in a mine deprived of sunshine. Then again, you know, too much work makes 'Jack a dull boy.' You will have to get a pony or buggy unless you prefer riding, and drive about as we all do, pay visits and join the tennis club but Ethel is getting very impatient of my monopoly of you.

Before we drove home in the cool, still evening I had made two promises, one to sweet, kindly Mrs. Carlyon that I would look upon her in the light of a fairy godmother to turn to in any sickness, difficulty or trouble, the other to Ethel and Phyllis to go down to them whenever I could leave home, and to join in the little gaieties and pleasures that made up Settlement Society. I think our visit did us all good for we took up our work again with renewed zest on the morrow. Dick and Peter had enjoyed it as much as I. The Major was quoted an authority. Harry and Ralph Carlyon had offered to give them a hand with the house. They had promised to join the Cricket Club, as soon as haying was over and work a little more slack. It was an awfully good thing for Joan to have such nice women friends. Mrs. Carlyon seemed an exceptionally pleasant woman, and the two girls decidedly pretty, very jolly and unaffected.

Chapter VII

An added brightness had come into my life. The remembrance of the motherly kindness and the budding promise of my new friendships had brought a new element into it. But I was too busy just then for dreams. I had had my lessons in breadmaking and there was the dough to be mixed and kneaded, the milk to be skimmed and the pans to be scoured and put to freshen in the fresh air. For we had bought a cow, a pretty dun-colored creature with a most fascinating black nose that gave us more milk and cream than we knew [illegible] a replica of herself, was able to dis[illegible] with her share of the supply, we shou[illegible] be able to make our own butter.

The days sped by with lightning like rapidity, long as they were, there was never enough of them. There was so much to learn, so much to do.

My first friend, Mrs. Bradley, had been as good as her word and had sent Thomas Henry with the clucking hen and the sitting of eggs. He had sheepishly assisted me in locating her in a corner of the stable, battening down the affrighted Mother elect with an old wooden box and with strict injunctions to leave her there in gloom and solitude until she got used to her new quarters. By the following day she was sitting with adamantine firmness, apparently glued to the nest and there she had continued with exemplary patience during the eighteen days since her arrival. In three days more I should be the proud possessor of an embryo poultry farm. I looked forward anxiously to the advent of the pretty, fluffy, little creatures.

"What are you doing?" I asked of Peter on my way to provide my Mother hen with her breakfast and stopping to enquire into the spreading of a quantity of fresh straw on the floor of a quite creditable pig sty he had been constructing at odd intervals during the past week.

"It is for the pigs," he said, "I am going to fetch them this evening, it is time we had them and made use of all the swill and skim milk. Very paying things are pigs, you can always eat what you can't sell, and sell what you can't eat."

"A remark rather open to question, I should say," I answered, and went on my way, for I could not pretend to an interest in pigs -dirty, grunting things.

"Come and see them, Joan," Peter called to me on the following morning, as I went out to the yard.

R[illegible]

"They are not so bad," I [illegible] sides, sharp noses and quick beady

eyes, that turned sideways upon us as they skittered here and there in the straw. "But I do think it a shame to keep them cooped up here this lovely day."

"Well, for that matter they would be alright outside; but I must be off, Mac and Dick have started."

"Have you much more hay to put up?" I asked as we stood a minute longer watching the joyous antics of those ridiculous pigs rejoicing in their freedom, "you seem to have a veritable mountain of it already."

"We mean to get all we can," he said, "and then if there is more than we need for ourselves, we may have a chance to sell. You know we need to make every cent we can, there will be no more when that three hundred and fifty pounds is gone and there will be no crops to count on until next year."

"You must remember the poultry and the pigs," I said, laughingly, bidding him good-bye, as he ran off after the others

It was about half an hour later, whilst singing over my work indoors, that I was alarmed by a great cackling, almost amounting to a terrified shriek, in the direction of the stable. Clutching my gown in one hand and the rolling pin in the other I fled across the yard to the rescue Alas! too late! Scuttling through the stable door went the pigs and perched on the manger, her poor feathers everyway, her mouth open, uttering heartrending cries of terror and affright, was my unhappy hen. In the corner her nest, so lately full of promise, lay scattered, empty and forlorn, not even a shell remaining to tell of its former glory Those horrible pigs had devoured our prospective family. I sat beside my poor bereaved mother hen, and mingled my tears with hers at least, I shed the tears whilst she continued her hysterical cackling. The gruesome deed was done, and doubtful of my powers to administer comfort, I fled with my disappointment far from her sounds of woe. Vainly through the day did I attempt to assuage her grief with many a delicacy and word of endearment, but like Rachael she refused to be comforted and the haymakers returned to find her still shrieking and me unconsoled. Even though Dick hastened to provide us with a second sitting of eggs, and a little later set me up with a ready made poultry yard, of ten busy hens and a noble looking rooster, I looked back upon that morning's tragedy with an abiding grief.

(To be continued.)

Lavender for Old Loves

By Sara Hamilton Birchall

LAVENDER for old loves,
Roses for the new.
Heliotrope for pleasure, lass,
And for sorrow, rue

Rosemary lest you forget—
Take, or let it be,
I will have the wholesome pine
And the open sea.

STEAMER "KEEWAIA" IN THE SOO

Half-tone plate by Edgar Jackson

Beauties of New Ontario

By Gay Page

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

"[illegible] storm and hard beset
[illegible] thou would st forget,
[illegible] t will keep
[illegible] ul from sleep

CANADA, now a nation with a large family of handsome, wholesome, prosperous and promising branches, has no lovelier nor more promising child than the recent debutante, Miss New Ontario

"We sing of the world and its beauties
Which everywhere round us we see

The word, "world", has the same root as "cosmetic"—so it should be our duty and delight to herald the charms and attractions of this lovely "bud," and, at the same time, proclaim to her host of prudent admirers, some of the substantial blessings that will be her dower.

If you have nothing and she has nothing
Don't be in a hurry to wed,
For 'nothing' and 'nothing' equal 'nothing,'
And 'nothing' will never buy bread."

The scenery is extremely beautiful from the hills about our magnificent bay, guarded by thunder Cape, that tall cliff that challenges the storm and whose crest, thirteen hundred feet above forms the bier of "Nanibijou," the Sleeping Giant, reclining upon his cloud-encircled couch. Formerly our storms were grander and more frequent and only upon rare occasions could a

view from a distance be obtained of th
cape or Nanibijou

Just before us lie the green Welcome Islands, where, legend tells us, many bloody battles were fought in the long ago and traces of which still remain and out beyond, Isle Royal, where centuries ago, copper was found, the alleries being still visible where the mysterious people worked the metal by a process now lost

Our beautiful Kaministikwia winds lovingly about the foot of Mount McKa guarding the old mission of the So of Jesus, on the banks below. And here another mighty work of the whit man moves, with its resistless power the red man's home, giving him remuneration the advantages to l gained by additional means of and the improvement of his p by the result of his labor

And so the banks of our nol afford both beauty and utilit the amber torrents of Kakabeka Fall and the fairy like loveliness of the Cu rent River Cascades Fort William

dued, from a sentimental point of or its second century of rendez- ous for the chief factors of the grea company of The Hudson's Bay bu now the stone fortifications ha torn down to make room for the minal works of the great Canadian P he Railway system and the largest r tors in the world and huge freight heds are seen in lieu of the old war houses A second transcontinent railway, the Canadian Northern, h terminals at Port Arthur, tou miles from Fort William, and Sir Wilfred Laurier's Government ha aunched still another highway acr the continent, and the Grand Trunk

Fort William is the lake port of thi third railway, wherefore this city ma at no distant date find itself in a prou position than ancient Venice, holdin both the East and West in t

From the flash of the Indian paddle
to the throb of the steamer's scre
From the halting steps of the old da
to the rush of the busy ne

Half-tone plate by Edgar Ransom

ONE HUNDRED MILES OF SCENERY LIKE . . ON LAKE . . . . . WOODS

[illegible] DAUGHTER OF [illegible] ALL OF FORT WILLIAM

Half tone plate by Edgar Ransom

THE "DEVIL'S GAP" ONE MILE FROM KENORA ON THE ROUTE OF THE RAINY RIVER NAVIGATION COMPANY

to the port where back and forth Ply the laden treasure-vessels of the Empress of the North

Now on let us go over the splendid line of the Canadian Pacific Railway to Kenora, on the Lake of the Woods The residents of Kenora prefer locating their handsome town on the Lake of the Woods, not on Winnipeg River, as they should, to be geographically correct But who bothers about being correct, geographically or otherwise, in the presence of so much fascinating beauty? It is enough to bewilder the most prosaic, practical mind on earth, and the simple delight of being alive to enjoy the enchanting scenes, is all one's heart desires

Here we see in all their glory, New Ontario's Thousand Isles. The magic of the fairy archipelago follows one mile after mile through stretches of clear water, reflecting the beauties of earth loveliness of turf and flower and tree And now if you are wise in the art of enjoying your holiday, take a trip to Fort Francis on the stately steamer Kenora On her decks you will find that the Americans outnumber the Canadians and are well acquainted with all the beauties of the route

From the deck of the gallant vessel we see craft of every kind dancing merrily over the waves, and are hailed cheerily by groups of campers, who know the joy in store for us the heartiest cheer coming from a group at Skull Rock, at the entrance to the Devil's Gap

"Why," asks the boy, "are so many fine features of land and water named after the Devil?"

"Perhaps it's because he's so energetic,and enterprising and persevering," says the Winnipeg M P., who is taking a rest from the political whirl of the western capital

MISS STEVENS, OF FORT WILLIAM, A STUDENT OF ST. JOSEPH'S CON[illegible], TORONTO

DAUGHTER OF DR. THOMAS O'HAGAN
FORT WILLIAM

"And why," again asked the curious boy, "do you float the Stars and Stripes at the prow and the Union Jack at the stern of the good ship Kenora?"

"Ship etiquette," said the captain "ensign at the stern, foreign flag at the prow in compliment to strangers. The greater part of our trip is along the international boundary and we want that line a boundary line and nothing more." Wise sailor.

And now the purple haze deepens over the distant hills and we reluctantly leave the deck for our staterooms leaving a special request to be called early next morning to see the town of Rainy River.

When we go on deck again we find that the boat is running the rapids of a mighty river along whose banks stately trees are grouped in beautiful groves or stand in solitary grandeur in field or on roadway, we see flowers and ferns and exuberant vegetation of all kinds, artistically designed houses and well-kept lawns. And still these wonders grow until we reach the town of Fort Francis on the Canadian Northern, opposite the city of International Falls U. S. Here the rushing waters of the Kooshkong Falls tell us that we are at the "End of the Lake," for that is the meaning of the word.

Here one may take advantage of the excellent accommodation afforded by the fine hotels well situated as regards the view, for one can see far down the river and away to the foaming waterfall. The valuable water power is utilized for many mills that increase the importance of the town.

In the morning we take the staunch little steamer Majestic and watch her fight her way through the rapids, then glide across the lovely Rainy Lake

MISS MABELLE BROWN

Soon we enter the tortuous passage of the Seine River, the most beautiful of all the beautiful rivers of Canada, with twists and turns among scenes that are truly marvello

Crossing the Lake of the Woods we pass the channel leading to the famous Sultana gold mine But at Mine Centre where the Seine enters Shoal Lake one positively breathes gold, the air seems filled with quartz and gold mines In the old hotel we see large specimens of gold ore, just gleaming with the precious metal lying about the table paper weights Here we find coaches to take the guests to the gold mines to the big saw mills of the Canadian Northern Railway station Here are boats too, and the fishing and shooting are excellent The walls of the hotel are ornamented with heads of moose and caribou and we are reminded of the captivating tales the captain told of the game he had bagged ' right around here " In the quiet of the evening we sit on the broad veranda and listen to the ' break break break, of the waves on the shore and enjoy the comfort and peace that nature draws around us when we seek shelter with her from the cares of life and feel a perfect satisfaction in the wonderful tranquility and rest that pervad Mine Centr

The Test of Saskatchewan

By Herbert Vanderhoof

From the March Success Magazine

A YEAR ago there appeared in *Success Magazine* an article telling something of the wonderful [illegible] of the grain fields of Western Canada, and presenting estimates of the earning power of a Saskatchewan wheat farm, based on *average* years. This article attracted wide attention, and was copied generally by the agricultural press of the United States and Canada. To the farmers of the older grain producing districts on both sides of the border line, the figures presented may have seemed extravagant, if not impossible, as representing an *average*, and many must have shaken their heads and said, "Wait and see. This is a new country and must be tested in adversity. It is the time of stress and hardship proves the strong man, so a season where sunshine and warm rain and soft, invigorating airs are replaced by gray skies and late suns and bleak, distressing prairie winds proves the real worth, the genuine resources, the all-desirable staying power of an agricultural country.

There was not long to wait. The season of 1906-7 came with its endlessly long winter and its poor apology for a spring, showing all the world how exceedingly unpleasant just "weather" can make things. From all quarters the complaints came. In California the children played snowball in the streets of Berkeley, while the tourist in the southern part of the State shivered in the rain. Sunny Italy was gray instead of blue and gold; those who fled across the Mediterranean found rain and chill even in the streets of Cairo. The bitter cold came down on the Northern States and on Canada, and the men of the grain lands shook their heads and gloomily feared the outcome.

The severest winter in twenty-five years, a spring six weeks late followed by a drenching rainy August capped by a sharp and early frost—surely that is a test of endurance for any farming land; and Western Canada came through with colors proudly flying. The wheat crop was good. While for Saskatchewan it was not phenomenal, it was a yield that any of the great wheat-growing districts of the United States would be willing to acknowledge as a "good year." A glance at the following table, compiled from the United States Year Book, will show this clearly:

AVERAGE YIELD PER ACRE IN BUSHELS

	2 1903	1904	1905	1906	1 07
		15	14	17	
		14	1	1	
Dakota	13 1	15 9	12		
[illegible] Dakota	13 9				
Nebraska					
Iowa					
United States					
			14 5	15 5	

Nineteen hundred and five and six were fat years in practically all of the grain States, and yet the average yield for the United States, fifteen bushels per acre for the two years, is not as good as Saskatchewan's 15 17 bushels in a lean year.

But the mere figures 15 17 bushels to the acre, do not adequately show how well the Province really came out. These figures are an average return for the entire wheat-growing area, and are brought down very much by a few small sections where the crop was a total failure as far as the wheat was

concerned. An occasional zero in even a long column of figures makes a great reduction in the average. Many sections reported a better yield than that given, and a few had crops that equaled the best of the fat years. For example in the Qu'Appelle Valley the thresher reports for over 2,500 acres give an average of over 26 5 bushels to the acre, while far to the north, around Prince Albert, the wheat gave a crop of high-grade milling grain, the quantity being somewhat smaller than the year before, because each hard, full kernel was slightly smaller than usual. These are merely instances, taken at random, to illustrate what might be said of hundreds of districts in the Province

In the Last Mountain Lake District, for another example, thirty-nine individual farmers produced 56 026 bushels of wheat on 2,474 acres under crop, a general average for all of 22 7 bushels per acre. The largest individual yield was twenty-eight bushels per acre (in two instances). These are remarkable figures for a lean year.

The failure of the wheat in some districts may be traced in almost every case to ignorance of proper methods, due to the inexperience of newly arrived immigrants, or to the obstinate persistence in methods suited to other conditions by farmers from the States Setting these classes aside the amount of total failure which may be ascribed to natural causes becomes almost negligible

So, triumphantly, the deep loam of the Saskatchewan prairie proved its worth in the "year of the big winter," the "year of the early frost," the "bad

But the crop per acre is far from telling the whole story. The *price per bushel* obtained for the product is quite as important, and gauged by both tests taken together the Saskatchewan farmer was a happy man in 1907. The immense crop of 1906 brought the farmer only fifty to fifty-five cents per bushel for the highest grades of milling wheat, while the smaller crop of 1907 brought from eighty to eighty-five cents for ordinary grades. One hundred bushels of wheat at eighty cents is the same in gross revenue as one hundred and sixty bushels at fifty cents Then, too, the railroads had great difficulty in handling the crop of 1906, so the farmer was subjected to vexatious delays in getting returns for his labor, while last fall the grain was shipped with comparative expedition, and the money is reaching the farmer promptly Moreover, the expense of handling the smaller amount of grain is less, and the profit is proportionately increased. Added to his 1907 yield many a farmer had part of his "number one hard" left over from 1906 in some districts as much as 25 per cent. Thus, the Saskatchewan farmer is "wealthy" this year, in spite of smaller crops

Wheat is of such importance in the food supply of the world that it causes great excitement when a new region is found to be capable of producing it in quantities. When it began to leak out that the tremendous prairies of Western Canada were not arid, bleak, unproductive and almost uninhabitable as supposed, but could produce phenomenally large crops of the highest grade wheat, incredulity was followed slowly by conviction and settlers began to rush in. Twenty years ago the only exports from Saskatchewan were furs and buffalo bones and the population was practically nothing; ten years ago the population was a few thousand and the wheat crop about 4,000,000 bushels, to-day the population is nearly 300,000 and the wheat crop is fast approaching the 30,000,000 mark But the wheat is only the vanguard. The whole list of wealth producers agricultural commercial, and industrial are following fast on its trail. Other products, especially oats barley, and flax are being raised in greatly increasing quantities Though they are still "wheat crazy" the farmers are learning the wisdom of mixed farming, and stock raising, dairying, gardening and even fruit growing are being given much attention. Yet the wheat is so valuable that it is, and will long continue to be the motive for settlement and the most important crop.

Railroad building has gone steadily on. The Canadian Northern has com-

pleted its line from Brandon into Regina, so that by the time this article appears, through trains will be running from Winnipeg to Prince Albert *via* Regina. This company has also graded forty miles southwest from Saskatoon into the Goose Lake country but the completion of the line has been left until 1908. In this region, settlement has preceded the railroad, and a large colony of American farmers occupies the unusually rich land and is raising crops of highest grade wheat running from twenty to forty bushels to the acre. So when the Canadian Northern sends its trains in it will find a great mass of freight ready and waiting to be moved.

During 1907 the grading of the line from Etomami to the Pas was completed and the rails are now being laid preparatory to continuing the construction to Fort Churchill on Hudson Bay. The completion of this missing link in the "Hudson Bay Route" is looked forward to very eagerly by the cities of the three Provinces as it will bring Liverpool and the grain market of Great Britain 2,000 miles nearer than it now is. The Canadian Northern Company is also preparing to build, during 1908, a short line from Prince Albert to North Battleford, a distance of over a hundred miles.

The chief enterprise of the Canadian Pacific in Saskatchewan during 1907 was the completion of the line from Strassburg into Saskatoon and forty miles west of there into a rich new wheat country. Elevators had been built in anticipation of the coming of the road and thousands of bushels of grain were stored up waiting transportation. In 1908 this line will be continued westward until it meets the line now branching eastward from the Calgary-Edmonton branch at Wetaskiwin, Alberta, and will also be connected with the Yorkton branch by a line running between the Quill Lakes and the Touchwood Mountains. They are also planning a line from Moose Jaw northwesterly, past the Elbow of the South Saskatchewan to the Goose Lake district, and then westward past Eagle Lake and into Alberta to join the road now extending eastward from the Calgary Edmonton line at Lacombe. This line, which parallels in a general way the Strassburg Saskatoon-Wetaskiwin line, though much to the south, will hardly be completed in 1908 but when it is finished will open up to settlement an immense stretch of rich wheat country.

The construction work on the main line of the new Grand Trunk Pacific progressed rapidly during 1907. The roadbed westward from Saskatoon was graded almost into Edmonton, and eastward the rails were laid to within a few miles of Portage la Prairie. With favorable conditions the entire main line from Winnipeg to Edmonton, Alberta, should be completed by the end of 1908, and, at the very least, this road should be able to take its part in moving the crop from the central part of the Saskatchewan wheat belt.

Such was the railroad development of 1907 and such are the proposals for 1908. The fact that the roads are carrying out, unchecked, their very extensive and comprehensive plans shows that their belief in the agricultural possibilities of Western Canada has been undisturbed. Railroads are most sensitive to changes in crop conditions, a mere report of a possible poor yield being enough to cause a drop in the price of their stocks, and capital is notoriously timid. Saskatchewan has won the unfaltering faith of the capital invested in railroads.

The Saskatchewan farmers are not only prosperous but they are rapidly increasing in number, consequently the towns of Saskatchewan are thriving. Ten years ago all those that existed were hardly more than frontier villages, many had not yet appeared on the map. To-day, each line of railroad is dotted with thriving little places each having a number of hotels, modern looking stores and banks that seem entirely too large for the number of homes. In each one the signs of the big implement firms and the handsome buildings of the chartered banks are conspicuous. In 1907 the growth of the towns was marked by a continuance of the activity which began to be particularly notice-

able the year before. By 1906 the towns had passed the experimental stage and a wave of enthusiasm for [illegible] Province. The building permits in the capital, Regina, were nearly two millions, standing forth among all the cities of Canada; in 1907 the building operations kept steadily on. Prince Albert, Moose Jaw, Battleford, Saskatoon—all had lists which would do credit to places three times as large, and the small towns built in proportion. This activity included all classes of buildings: the Dominion Government expended large sums in new post offices, court and customs buildings all through the Province, the municipalities built new city halls and installed water sewer, and light systems, individuals built homes, the chartered banks put up handsome solid buildings of brick and stone, and business firms built modern warehouses and stores.

The best part of it all is that this immense building activity was justified by the business transacted. In many cases stores and warehouses were outgrown before they were finished, and plans for 1908 call for many a second warehouse" or "addition to store." The immense business transacted may be illustrated by a few instances. At Prince Albert the entire output of the flour mills, having a capacity of 500 barrels per day, was consumed by the *local market*, which does a large business in outfitting for the North at [illegible] the International Harvester Company sold more binders than at any other point in the world; and from Regina were shipped more than $5,000,000 worth of farm implements alone.

Wheat, railroads, commerce, what follows? Manufacturing, if the conditions be at all favorable. In Saskatchewan there are many places where conditions are right, and already industries are finding their way into the towns. Naturally, in this wheat-growing country, flour milling was one of the first, but other factories followed. Many of them coming quite unheralded and beginning in a small way, have "grown up with the town" into large concerns, while others have come with plenty of capital, attracted by the fine openings. Though as yet manufacturing is only in its infancy in the Province, flour mills to the capacity of 835 barrels were built in 1907.

Thus, then, is the record of Saskatchewan for 1907, a crop better than that of any of the wheat-growing sections of the United States; hundreds of miles of new railroads completed, a continuance of unprecedented building activity and business in the towns, and an added impulse to the growth of manufactures. Can any other country or section of country outside of Western Canada point to such a record in that year of short crops and business panics?

As to next year, 30 per cent more ground was prepared in 1907 for the 1908 crop than was done in 1906 for the 1907 crop; the Canadian railroads are pushing straight on with their building; the "Hill" roads are knocking at the doors, and the business man and manufacturer are daily inquiring about openings.

For the future—but if I said all that I might I would be accused of being a dreamer of dreams by all those who have not seen the limitless forests of the north, the great rivers, the seas of yellowing grain, the bustling towns, and, above all, vast stretches of vacant prairie with its deep, rich soil capable—every section of it—of adding to the food supply of the nations. To the man who has seen I have nothing to say. He knows. And this is but one Province of the great Canadian "Wilderness."

Adventures in a Garden

THE PICNIC

By Mary Livingston

THE [illegible] promise, in the gently blowing breeze, of lovelier days to come. The tender green of the budding trees was like a gauzy veil spread over the bare brown boughs. The delicate grass blades aspired to reach a sky that vied in brilliancy with the flash of the blue bird's wing.

Archibald stood at the little wicket gate laboriously spelling out the words on a card, which read:

Little Honey
AT HOME
In the Garden, under
the Blossoming Cherry Tree
AT FOUR O'CLOCK
THIS AFTERNOON

[illegible] mother read it she went to the attic and got out his best white pique suit. He had seen it put away in the Fall with a light heart and no regrets. When he had it on no such gentle diversions as basket-ball, marbles or jamming his bosom enemy might be indulged in. He wore it now, and surely Solomon in all his glory "[illegible]" no more uncomfortable than he nor were the lilies of the field that neither toil nor spin oppressed with the sense of uselessness which assailed him.

"Little Honey. At Home." What was the use of writing him that, he wondered. She never was any place else. He gave it up. There was [illegible] had insisted that he must not go before the hour for which he was invited. [illegible] And now he must wait until a certain hour in the misery of spotless raiment which must be kept so, at least until he arrives "under the Blossoming Cherry Tree."

And all on account of the little card!

[illegible] over in his hand.

[illegible] away. If he only knew just what "At Home" in capital letters, meant. It must be something quite out of the ordinary.

[illegible] intricacies of its approach.

ARCHIBALD FORGOT HIS PIQUE SUIT, AND CARED NOT THAT THE AFFAIR WAS PERFECTLY LIKE A LARK

[illegible] At Home And there you were [illegible] It seemed to say, "At Home At Home. At-Home, At-Home!"

Archie thrust the card into the front of his blouse. His heart beat a little faster as he lifted the latch and closed the gate behind him [illegible] to listen for the sound of children laughing. It *might* be a party after all. He hesitated, but curiosity led him on [illegible] and held out a tiny dimpled hand. Her sunny curls were tied up on top of her head with a huge pink bow. Her dainty lace-trimmed frock was confined by a sash and from it the short skirt stood straight out like a ballet dancer's. On her feet were patent leather slippers, with one strap buttoned round where [illegible] legs bare.

[illegible]

"How-do, Archie," she lisped.

"Hello Little Honey," he replied, ignoring the outstretched hand.

"You must shake hands," she said firmly.

"What for?" he demanded. "Don't I see you every day?" [illegible] hand. [illegible] the demand.

"Is this a party?" he asked suspiciously.

"No, Archie, iss is a picnic, an' we dess goin to have it wight now."

She led him over to where the other guests were gathered around a table set under the blossoming cherry tree. The whole garden was a mass of delicate bloom of crab-apple, peach and cherry. [illegible] the Baby-Brother, with Mandie standing guard.

"Laws amassy, what a sight," said Mandie. "Reckon it mus' be mos' lak what ole mammy Lou tell about beto' de wah. You all *does* look sweet."

[illegible] the good things to eat. There were brownbread sandwiches, and [illegible] angel cake and other kinds of cake, and oranges and [illegible] there was Sarah, [illegible] and cared not that the affair was perilously like a party. He laughed 'til he nearly cried when the white puppy stole black Mandie's chicken.

Finally the slanting rays of the declining sun gleamed through the blossom [illegible] dollies that mothers were waiting for them at home.

"You had dood time, Archie?" asked Little Honey.

"Grand," said the boy. "An 'At Home' picnic is just *great*."

He trudged off down the walk.

"It's like you and me playing together only with more of us to do [illegible]," he shouted back over his shoulder as he turned in at his own gate.

Goodbye, Archie.

Farewell, Little Honey.

Laugh loud, play long, Little Children, the years go by and all [illegible]

Calf Love

By Arthur Baldwin

He began his letter "My darling Edith." He had never written to her this way before, but he was feeling reckless that night, and willing to "take consequences." The girl had never met him on anything more than a very friendly basis and that was what he told himself again and again, as his thoughts ceaselessly recurred to the bright blue eyes and laughing face that had so completely fascinated him. He acknowledged to himself that she could not possibly have found in him any qualities more worthy of her notice than in the countless other men she knew, and yet he could not always satisfy himself that in her inmost heart she really held for him only the common place feelings of "good friendship."

Camaraderie with her was something he could not be satisfied with now, for his own sentiments told him every hour that the feelings he entertained were far from being of a platonic character. His emotions were not to be mistaken. He loved to be near her. The touch of her hand thrilled him. The magic of her smile told him that for her sake he would brave anything. He delighted to walk by her house at night when she was unconscious of his presence, and, in his sentimental way, he wished for a fire, for burglars, for any sort of calamity that would afford him an opportunity to show his bravery, to attest his devotion. Oh yes, Tom Chester's passion was palpable enough.

It was just a bit of a note which he was sending with a brooch for her birthday. The small box, and the letter having been duly dispatched by the messenger boy Chester settled himself back in his easy chair. A little reflection soon convinced him, however, that he had gone too far in calling her "Darling." No word of affection had ever passed between them, and his mind instantly pictured all manner of distressing ways in which, as a reward for his impetuousness, she might intimate that their friendship might as well be discontinued. He was a sensitive chap, and apt to magnify the importance of casual things moreover, this was his first "affair," and he never happened to think that perhaps the magnificent gift that accompanied his note might serve to palliate his offence in the use of the adjective. So in his ignorance he cursed himself for a fool, and evolved all manner of schemes for overtaking the messenger before the cursed note could be delivered.

Pulverizing over anticipated complications, and trying to find a way out of his imagined difficulties, proved a nerve-wearing pastime. He finally seized his hat and started for a walk. He crossed Newmarket Street and turned down High and thence on to the Crescent. On he walked till at length, before he hardly realized where his footsteps had been tending, he found himself at her door. In an instant his mind was made up. A nervous ring, and he was ushered up into the drawing-room. There he waited her with trembling heart. At last she came, beautifully gowned and holding in her hand an envelope which his quick eye instantly recognized.

"I have just received your lovely gift" she said, as she fastened the clasp more securely in her bosom. "Everyone has been most kind and my birthday has been indeed happy."

He bowed his acknowledgements, murmuring confused words of congratulation.

"But what a funny note you sent," she continued, while Chester suffered the indescribable tortures of the anxious seat. "I hardly think you realized what you were doing," she

added with a furtive twinkle in her eye which he failed to notice

"I know," he began hurriedly, [illegible] but I hardly knew what I was about, and before I came to my right senses the letter was gone I didn't mean to send it, and yet ' with an appealing glance, ' I did mean to, and now now you will think I am a presumptuous idiot, and deserving of nothing but [illegible] he groaned

"Oh no," she answered, cheerfully "not quite so bad. I could never think that you know But you must really [illegible] as she returned his note 'I am convinced that you meant nothing"

He walked slowly homeward his hands buried deep in his coat pockets, one hand nervously clutching the wretched note that had caused the difficulty from which he had tried himself he had escaped, after all, with but little loss of dignity

As he reclined in his [illegible] fully on the events of the evening "I think," was his musing remark, between the puffs of a favorite brier "I'll have another look at that note just to see what I did say" As he crossed the room to his coat which he had taken off a scrap of paper on his desk chanced to attract his glance "My darling Edith," it read. "Glad" he almost shouted, "what have I been up to?" He rushed to his coat, [illegible] and gazed in horrified wonder The words swam before his eyes but he saw enough to recognize, ' Thomas Chester, Esq Dr One wrought gold clasp $18 00 "

It was his bill from the jeweller

The Signal

By Sara Hamilton Birchall

A LITTLE, lovely, wistful chap
Looks out at dusk for me;
The lamplight shines behind his head,
I see him wave to me.

He smiles when I wave back to him,
Through evening mist and rain;
I'm glad the boy I used to be
Remembers me again.

From California to Canada

By F. W. Crandall

A paper read before the State Fruit Growers' Convention at Marysville, California, Dec. 4 1907

I [illegible] at the California Fruit Growers convention four years ago on the subject of the "Fruit Markets at Home and Abroad." Just previous to that convention I had returned from an extended trip through the Eastern States and Europe, the principal object having been to exploit the markets on the other side of the Atlantic and learn the methods which must be employed in order to meet the requirements of that trade. The discussion and interest elicited by my paper were so general, that it seemed to me, a similar paper, treating on the conditions just across the northern border of our country, which is at present coming to the front as a fruit consumer more rapidly than any other section on earth, might prove of equal interest, hence I gladly give you the results of observations made during the past four months, covering not only the grain producing sections of Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia, but also the new fruit country, which is being discussed so much, which embraces the territory adjacent to Kootenay, Arrow and Okanagan Lake Regions, in southern British Columbia.

The motto "See America First" has been taken up with much vigor by many organizations in the United States and it has developed the fact that one can see as grand scenery and beautiful mountains, right in our own country, as can be found at the end of long and expensive trips abroad.

I doubt not that similar results may be realized as to our future market for both fresh and cured fruit, if properly exploited, right in our near neighbor Canada, and such exploitation would cost less, and the results would be vastly greater than could be obtained in such countries across the water, as France or Germany, which in years of plenty have little need for our fruit productions, while Canada will always be a good customer. It is not when crops are so short as they have been the present year, that new markets appeal to fruit men, although even this season, the prices were so much higher than in former years, it had the effect to curtail sales as to volume very much.

The rapid settlement of any new territory near us, especially where fruit cannot be grown to any great extent, seems to me has a special interest, and we must be alert to gain every advantage possible from such condition. This paper will deal particularly with what is known as the "Canadian Northwest."

We have been prone to look upon this great Northwest territory, as vast stretches of mountain and prairie land, valuable in the most part for hunting, and trapping, and of late used to some extent for grazing, not considering it seriously as a great agricultural section, which it really is; in fact I had very much the same idea, until in quest of better health, I made the trip up there spending upwards of four months, and found I was mistaken. The area embraced by these Provinces is nearly seven hundred miles from north to south, and eleven hundred east to west, or an area of nearly seven hundred and seventy thousand square miles, and it is safe to say that one-half of this vast area is suited to agricultural uses and will rapidly come under cultivation, while the other one-half includes mountains and lakes.

Think of an area two and a half times as large as the State of California,

of fertile soil, level and undulating and well watered, and what this will mean when it is settled, as it will be, at no distant day, with a family on an average to one hundred and sixty acres. But you say, it is so far north, what can you grow? True, it is north, and far north at that, but, even so, climatic conditions seem most contradictory. At more than seven hundred miles north of the 49th parallel, which forms the northern boundary of the United States, wheat and other cereals are grown abundantly, as well as most of the common vegetables, and as soon as transportation facilities are provided these more northern sections will become great grain producing countries, no doubt exceeding an average production of the Dakotas or Minnesota, and with few, if any, failures.

Much of these lands still belong to the Government and are open to settlement on favorable terms, while other large tracts are under railroad control, having been granted as subsidies to induce and assist in building roads into these localities.

The Canadian Government is doing everything possible to induce settlers into this country, while at the present time two lines of railway are heading towards the Peace River country and no doubt will extend their lines through Yukon, to Alaska. Edmonton is the most northerly point on the continent, a modern city of twelve thousand population, and is at the present time the terminus of three railroads, the Canadian Pacific, the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Canadian Northern, two of which are pushing their lines through to the Coast, thus opening up to settlement, rich and promising sections, and paving the way for a rapid settlement of the great North West.

So great has been the movement that during the past year or so, nearly all the great American magazines have had more or less to say concerning the development of this country, and large numbers of people are being drawn from the United States. The tide of immigration is by no means letting up, and it is safe to say from the United States alone one hundred and fifty thousand to two hundred thousand people have crossed the border to invest in Canada cheap lands, during the past twelve months. Don't think for a moment that these are a lot of "ne'er-do-wells" or "shiftless" people who are going over. Far from it. I personally have met hundreds of them in Alberta, and will say that a more enterprising and intelligent class of farmers would be hard to find, and the greater portion of them have considerable means too. If this may be taken as an earnest of what may be expected to continue, during the next few years, the United States will certainly be justified in making a rigid inquiry to offset, if possible, this great drainage from our progressive population.

The cheapness of land has always been, and always will be, an inducement, and where climatic and other conditions are also favorable it makes it doubly attractive as a matter of investment. Canada land companies are alert as to this feature, and are not leaving a stone unturned, to present their claim in the best way possible, but I must say with the exception of a few unreliable concerns, the actual conditions one meets are such that it is not possible to offset, by sound argument, these statements which are circulated freely all over the country, especially among the agricultural States of the middle West.

The United States is not alone in furnishing settlers, by any means, for the various European countries are sending large numbers, in some instances entire colonies, being made up of Germans, Poles, Hollanders and other nationalities, this method helping to establish helpful and social advantages. Japan, not to be outdone by other nations, is also looking to the settlement of a large number of her subjects in these Provinces, unless the Government prohibit such a move.

The Canadian Pacific Railway is sending nearly five million dollars in the construction of the largest irrigation project on the American Continent, putting under ditch nearly three

million acres of level land near Calgary in Alberta, these lands having come to them as a subsidy from the Government. Even now the work is well advanced, and next season perhaps five hundred thousand acres will be under water. Sugar beets, alfalfa, and grain will be grown on these lands, but fruit in large quantities seems to me to be out of the question.

No matter how great may be the developments in other directions, they must look for most of their fruit requirements to other sources than Canada, and of all this great territory of Western Canada it is only in British Columbia that fruits will be extensively grown.

So much has been said of the progress and future possibilities of fruit growing embraced by the Kootenay, Arrow and Okanagan Lakes regions, that a few weeks ago I decided to take a trip through these sections and study the conditions carefully, and I am just now returning from this trip.

I met two distinct surprises; one is the large number of varieties of fruits as well as the quality of fruits produced in these sections; the other being the comparatively limited area which is adapted to the culture of fruits.

The orchards through this section, though young, are great producers, the principal tree fruits being apples, pears, plums, some peaches, cherries and crab apples. So late as the 25th of November, I picked apples from the trees at Creston, and while the mountains surrounding were covered with snow down to within a few hundred yards of the orchard, still the fruit was unharmed.

The statistics as to the fabulous quantity which some of the orchards turned off would sound like a reproduction of the "Arabian Nights." From the very best authority I was told that so much as eighteen hundred dollars was realized from single acres of orchards in a single season, and these statements verified by sworn affidavits. While I in nowise discredit the foregoing statement as to the amount realized from a single acre, still at the same time I would not advise any of our California fruit growers, to sacrifice their orchards at bargain prices, to go into this section for the purpose of fruit growing; not that fruit growing under intelligent conditions would not be profitable, but the general lay of the country is such that one would not be surrounded with the unique social conditions, which we enjoy to so great an extent in our orchard sections of California.

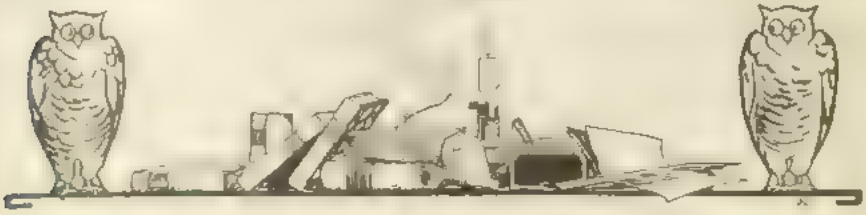
The scenery is magnificent grand. Trips about the lakes are extremely interesting and healthful and it is a fact, the means of transportation and communication already furnished, are all that can be asked or expected, for a mountainous country and one so new and sparsely settled.

There is no doubt, also, that the marketing facilities for the fruits grown are the best, and will continue to be good, for, within a day the products can be landed in most of the larger cities in Alberta and British Columbia.

Granting all that can be said, or may be said, it still remains that for canned fruits, as well as cured fruits, this great territory must look to other than within its borders for supplies; and while Washington and Oregon will get its full share of this trade, it is from California that most of the fruit supplies must come, and with a population which at a conservative figure can not be placed at less than ten millions of people, at no distant date, it seems most reasonable to expect a great future market from this direction.

It behoves us to treat with the Canadian Government for more favorable duty changes, which, owing to the fact that most of our fruit products do not compete with any like products of their home growing, I believe could be secured with very little trouble, and while I am not prepared to say, that we will ever be able to compete in the markets of the world, against the wheat, oats barley and [illegible] which will pour out of this v[illegible]. I do not look upon the possibility [illegible] sufficient area of fruits of any varieties to be developed in Western Canada, to in any great extent, affect our marketing from California vast quantities of our fruits, both fresh and cured, and it seems to me no time should be lost in working out a system for securing this business.

SHOP TALK BY THE EDITOR



JUST BE GLAD

THERE is no one creed so that is more worth while than the practice of the doctrine of cheerfulness. Many a man has been pulled back from the miry edge of the Slough of Despond by an optimistic thought expressed in the right way. A wholesome, hopeful, courageous outlook on life is what we all need and a well-turned phrase of "uplift" is a tremendous help toward attaining the right attitude. The truth of which has been impressed anew upon us by a little book by Charles F. Raymond with the title, "Just be Glad." Mr. Raymond who is a native of Guelph, Ontario, is known to many through his work on the Toronto Star, the Winnipeg Tribune and other leading papers. "Just be Glad" is a volume of forceful and beautiful selections from his writings. The title gives one an idea of the inspiring thought-bound between the covers.

CHILDREN'S STORIES

IN these days of "child psychology" stories of children appeal to a much larger audience than the youngsters for whom they are primarily intended, provided that the children in the story are the same kind that one finds outside of stories.

Grown people and children alike are enjoying the "Adventures in a Garden" that Miss Mary Livingston tells so charmingly. The garden is such a real garden and the children are such every-day, good-and-bad, lovable kiddies. The drawings by Miss Pietz being delightfully done and quite in the spirit of the stories are a great addition.

SPEAKING OF ILLUSTRATIONS

HAVEN'T you ever had a story completely spoiled by the fact that the illustrations were entirely different in key from the text itself. For instance a dashing tale of adventure will have pictures with an infinite amount of painstaking detail, or a subtle psychological thing will have posterish pictures sprinkled through it necessitating a continual readjustment of the reader's mood. Worse still is the illustrator who refuses to be slavishly bound by anybody's text. His desire, apparently, is to show how much he can improve on the author's ideas and he makes the hero ne tall and ...ressive instead of petite and appealing or endows the villain with the manly beauty that the author thought ought to belong to the hero. Also he improves upon the situations. We find the man and girl eloping in a motor car instead of by rail and the proposal taking place in a conservatory instead of in an apple orchard. He transfers moonlight incidents to broad daylight and adds any characters that will help the composition of his pictures. When we lay down the book we feel we have been reading two stories at the same time and haven't found the process enjoyable.

CANADA-WEST has always been fortunate enough to have artists who are

willing to let the author tell the story and are able to adorn his text and aid his meaning by their work. Take this month's cover design for instance isn't the whole spirit of Mr. Seton's clever and significant title, "The White Man's Last Opportunity," ex- [illegible] M. Noteware's drawings for "The Reclamation of Cass." The easy sketchy style of them exactly suits the story, and the pictures are entire faithful to the text. Mr. Schwarm pictures of Joan Trenayne have a simplicity and refinement and attractiveness that are in entire accord with "The Homesteaders." We have spoken elsewhere of Miss Pretz' drawings. Indeed it was the harmony of text and pictures in the "Adventures in a Garden" that started on us these observations.

A NATURE STORY

AMONG the fiction in the May number will be a story of a gopher, "Stripy" by Francis Dickie. To be able to write an animal story that is both interesting and accurate is a gift that few possess. The interest of Mr. Dickie's story will speak for itself and Mr. Earnest Thompson Seton is guarantee for the accuracy, as he read the manuscript, suggesting an occasional change and stamping the whole with his approval.

SPECIAL ARTICLES FOR MAY

THE May CANADA-WEST will have a number of special articles of even than usual interest. The first paper of Doctor Shailer Mathews' series "The Modern Man and The Gospel," will be published and Miss Agnes Deans Cameron has written most sympathetically on "The Consecretion of Canadian Battlefields." Cy Warman and John V. Borne both names that promise much, will contribute articles.

A COMMENT FROM THE STATES

"IS an interesting and significant thing," said a man from the States the other day, "that a magazine can offer its readers so diversified a list of articles as CANADA-WEST does and yet the subject matter be so entirely Canadian. Even the fiction I notice, is usually located in Canada. It is the only publication I know of that is run on those lines but I can not see that it suffers any by comparison with other periodicals. It makes one reflect on the richness of a country that can furnish first class material month after month for the entire make-up of a magazine."

Similar comments have come to our ears before. We agree that it is rather a new departure in magazine publication but it is the country back of us that makes it a success. Our trouble is rather an embarrassment of riches than a scarcity. There is so much that is new and wonderful and unique in Western Canada, so many hitherto undreamed of resources and possibilities are constantly being discovered that the difficulty is not what to tell but what to postpone telling.

The Editor.

CHESTNUTS AND CHEESE

PLEASURING

FEATHERLY (at front door) "Is [illegible]"

Small Boy "Sure. Did you think she was in jail?"

HIS ESSAY

A MODEST JAW teacher says that she once told a pupil to compose a brief essay in which he should say something about all the days of the week. The lad turned in the following: "Monday Jim Moulton and I killed a deer, and there was meat enough to last over Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday."

ANOTHER BROKEN HEART

HE [illegible] is no denying that love [illegible] more than it does a wo.

She.—how do you make that out?

He.—Bilsum, for example. When he first met Miss Simper he was flat and she flatter. Now they are in love she is flatter still while he is flatter.

COLLEGE MEMORIES

FIRST Alumnus.—Miss de Vere and Richard Gosnell seem to have been the two most favored members of our class.

Second Alumnus.—Gosnell? See he was that young fellow we all used to envy for his wealth?

First Alumnus.—Yes, and he has since got richer.

Second Alumnus.—And she?

First Alumnus.—Has got Richard.

A NATURAL MISTAKE

LITTLE EVA, seeing a lady with a robin's breast on her hat, said: "Mamma, can't I have a bird's stomach on my hat, too?"

THEY WENT EARLY

ACCOMPANIED by a friend and wearing a brand new hat, an Englishman entered a restaurant in Berlin one evening. The two visitors lingered on and on until it was very late. When at last they rose to go the Englishmen's hat was not to be found. "What sort of a hat was it, mein herr?" inquired the person in charge. "It was a new top hat," said the Englishman, somewhat annoyed. "Ach, but mein herr, all the new hats have been gone for half an hour," said the German placidly.

THE OFF HORSE.

CHARLES P. NEILL, the United States Labor Commissioner, tells a story about a small boy whom a charitable association of Philadelphia sent into the country during the hot weather.

"One morning the little fellow took a walk to the village, three miles away, and as he stood in front of the post office a farmer got down out of his double team and said:

"'Hey, sonny, ketch hold o' that hoss's head while I go see if thar's any letters.'

"'Which hoss's head?' said the lad.

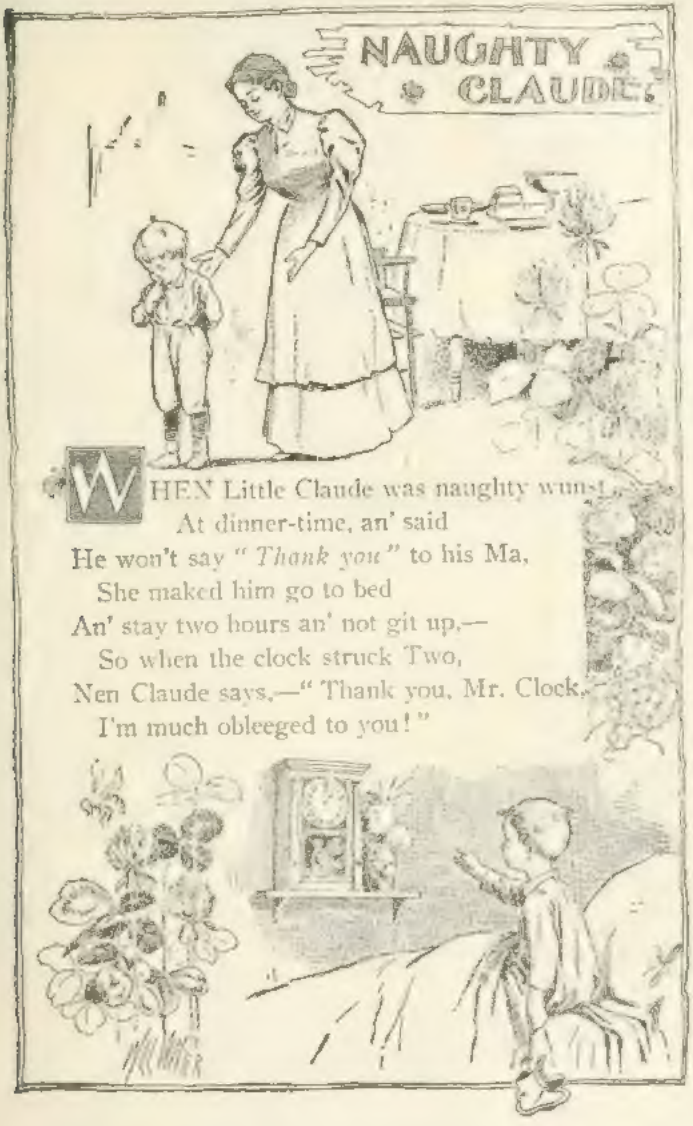
"The orf un,' said the farmer.

"'The orphan?' said the boy. 'How can I tell which of 'em's lost his parents?'

Just because a woman declares she has the best husband on earth it's no sign that she expects to meet him in Heaven.

A PIOUS DRUG.

LITTLE girl (in drug store.)—"Please Mister, my mother wants 10 cents worth of spiritual camphor."


NAUGHTY CLAUDE.
WHEN Little Claude was naughty wunst
At dinner-time, an' said
He won't say "Thank you" to his Ma,
She maked him go to bed
An' stay two hours an' not git up,—
So when the clock struck Two,
Nen Claude says,—"Thank you, Mr. Clock,
I'm much obleeged to you!"

"JOHN, John," whispered an alarmed wife, poking her sleeping husband in the ribs. "Wake up, John; there are burglars in the pantry and they're eating all my pies."

"Well, what do we care," mumbled John, rolling over, "so long as they don't die in the house?"

QUAILED BEFORE HER WIT.

THE Empress Eugenie, whom Napolean III. chose to share his throne, had a ready wit, which, although it never veiled a sneer, often confused those on whom it was directed. The late Dr. T. W. Evans tells in his reminiscences the story of a distinguished Senator, who, on being asked what he thought of the speech in which Napoleon had declared his marriage intention to the deputies, replied:

"A fine speech—excellent; but I prefer the sauce to fish," meaning that Napoleon's words were better than his choosing of a bride.

Some weeks later, at a dinner given at the Tuilleries, this Senator was seated next to the Empress, who observing that after having been helped to the turbot he declined the sauce, said to him, smiling roguishly:

"Monsieur, I thought it was the sauce you like, and not the fish."

With rare presence of mind the Senator hesitated but a moment.

"A mistake, madame," he said, "for which I am now trying to make amends."

A horse is still a horse, even when turned into a pasture.

IN HER OPINION.

AUNT Fanny took little Mary to the French church and gave her a nickel to put in the alms basin.

Mary looked at the coin with evident satisfaction, and then, nestling close to her aunt, whispered: "How much are you going to give?"

Her aunt, opening her hand, displayed a quarter of a dollar.

"Oh," exclaimed the child excitedly, "don't do it; it isn't worth it."

GAURDING AGAINST FUTURE MISTAKES

AN EARLY morning customer in an optician's shop was a young woman with a determined air. She addressed the first salesman she saw.

"I want to look at a pair of eye glasses, sir, of extra magnifying power."

"Yes, ma'am," replied the salesman; "something very strong?"

"Yes, sir. While visiting in the country I made a very painful blunder which I never want to repeat."

"Indeed! Mistook a stranger for an acquaintance?"

"No, not exactly that; I mistook a bumblebee for a blackberry."

GENTLY BROKE THE NEWS

CAPTAIN Pritchard of the Mauretania was talking about sailors. "We are a bluff lot," he said. "Did you ever hear about the sailor and the parrot? Well, an old lady was returning from abroad with a parrot of which she was very fond. She intrusted the bird, with many admonitions to a sailor for the voyage. Seasickness, or something, killed the parrot the third day out. The sailor, knowing how upset the old lady would be, could not bring himself to break the sad tidings, but asked a companion, famous for his skill in such matters, to break the bad news to her very, very gently. The man assented. Approaching the old lady with a tragical face, the famous newsbreaker touched his cap and said: 'I'm afraid that 'ere bird o' yourn ain' goin' to live long, ma'am.' 'Oh, dear!' exclaimed the old lady, in alarm. 'Why 'Cause he's dead,' was the reply.'"

A FEW THOUGHTS.

All men are born free and unequal.

If you must draw the color line, draw at feeling blue

The world hates a pessimist as much as he hates himself.

People who are in love imagine that they fool other people.

We don't blame some men for refusing to take their own advice.

Marriage is like a porous plaster; it's easier to get next to it than it is to get away from it.

Even with his experience a self-made man sometimes finds it difficult to make true friends.

MISTRESS (opening the drawing-room door during a chat with her friends)—You were listening, Johann!

Servant (frightened)—Certainly not, madam!

Mistress (severely)—Do not deny it. Your hair is standing on end.

THE lecturer had just finished his description of The Perfect Man.

"Does anyone in the audience," he asked, "know of a man who is perfect? If so let him rise."

No one moved.

"Does anyone in the audience know any person who claims to have known a perfect man?"

Again no one rose.

"Or a perfect woman?" continued the lecturer. "If so rise."

In the stillness a meek looking little lady in the back of the hall arose. The lecturer, surprised, stared at her.

"Do you, personally, know anyone who claims to have known a perfect woman?" he asked.

The meek little person nodded assent.

"Who was that perfect woman?" demanded the lecturer.

The little lady's gentle voice came clearly to the hushed and waiting assemblage.

"My husband's first wife," she said.

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INDUSTRIAL OPENINGS

NELSON, B. C.

Nelson, the third city of British Columbia, lies about midway between Calgary and the Pacific Coast, and in the centre of a rich mining and lumbering district. It is therefore favorably situated for the distribution of supplies to the smaller towns and camps that are scattered over a wide area, and a large and ever increasing amount of provisions, machinery, clothing, etc., is handled. The factories in Nelson are very few, and there are many openings for enterprise, as the purchases from the Eastern Provinces and the United States are heavy. The Imports through the customs for the five months ending August, 1907, were valued at $528,987. Cheap sites for factories are available, and there is a good water service and an unlimited supply of electricity for power and light. The water service, the electric supply, and the street cars are owned and operated by the corporation. Nelson has few equals as a residential city; its beautiful and healthy situation on the mountain side, its miles of lake frontage, its mild and delightful climate, and its attractions in the way of hunting, fishing, boating and mountain climbing are equalled by few towns and excelled by none. The population of Nelson is about 6,500 and is steadily increasing.

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